

# THE BOSTONIAN.

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## THE JORDAN ART GALLERY AND PRIZE PICTURES.

**B**OSTON with all her resources for culture, has until this year lacked an art gallery of popular resort, a ground of common access for artists and public. This want has now been supplied through the enterprise of one of the younger generation of our leading merchants.

On the one hand the artists needed an exhibition room where the heavy fees necessarily exacted by the dealers should not make such a drain on the sales of their work. The public of the outlying districts and states, swarming to our cities, felt a similar need for the stimulation of the study of true art.

It was with a clear understanding of this present need that Mr. Eben D. Jordan, Jr., with a noble desire to bring before the people the true appreciation of æstheticism, conceived and carried out with unexampled energy, combined with unlimited resources, a "people's gallery." A unique conception truly, and one that must in-

evitably have met a thousand obstacles and criticisms from all sides. But with an unswerving trust in the common sense of the just New Englander, this promoter of art has steadily and faithfully lived up to his prospectus.

The phenomenal success that had attended the exhibition of "Christ before Pilate" and "Niagara in Winter" was a convincing proof that the people were interested in the beautiful and in art. What more was needed but to interest the artists in this novel experiment?

In the early spring of 1894 Mr. Jordan, Jr., sent out invitations to well known Boston artists, who met and elected a committee that in turn chose out of the list of New England artists one hundred eighteen names. These, nearly all Bostonians, were asked to contribute one or more of their works in the coming exhibition.

One hundred eighty pictures were exhibited. One thousand dollars was offered in prizes for



"BOSTON PUBLIC KINDERGARTEN."  
Received the women's prize.

*Painting by S. Mary Norton.*

works, in oil, water colors, pastels, etchings and marble.

The gallery, on the fourth floor of the great establishment, was perfect in adaptation. The water-color stained walls formed a most simple yet effective background for the studies. Nothing was left incomplete. An artistic atmosphere pervaded these rooms, set apart from the humdrum world, yet alluring visitors with their poetical expressions, the portrayals of nature.

The award of this first exhibition, which opened in the early spring of 1894, were given to the following artists: First prize, \$500, Mr. Frank W. Benson for "Lamplight"; second prize, \$300, Mr. E. W. D. Hamilton, for "Palaces by Night" (a Venetian study), and third prize, \$200, Mr. John J. Enneking for "Coasters' Retreat."

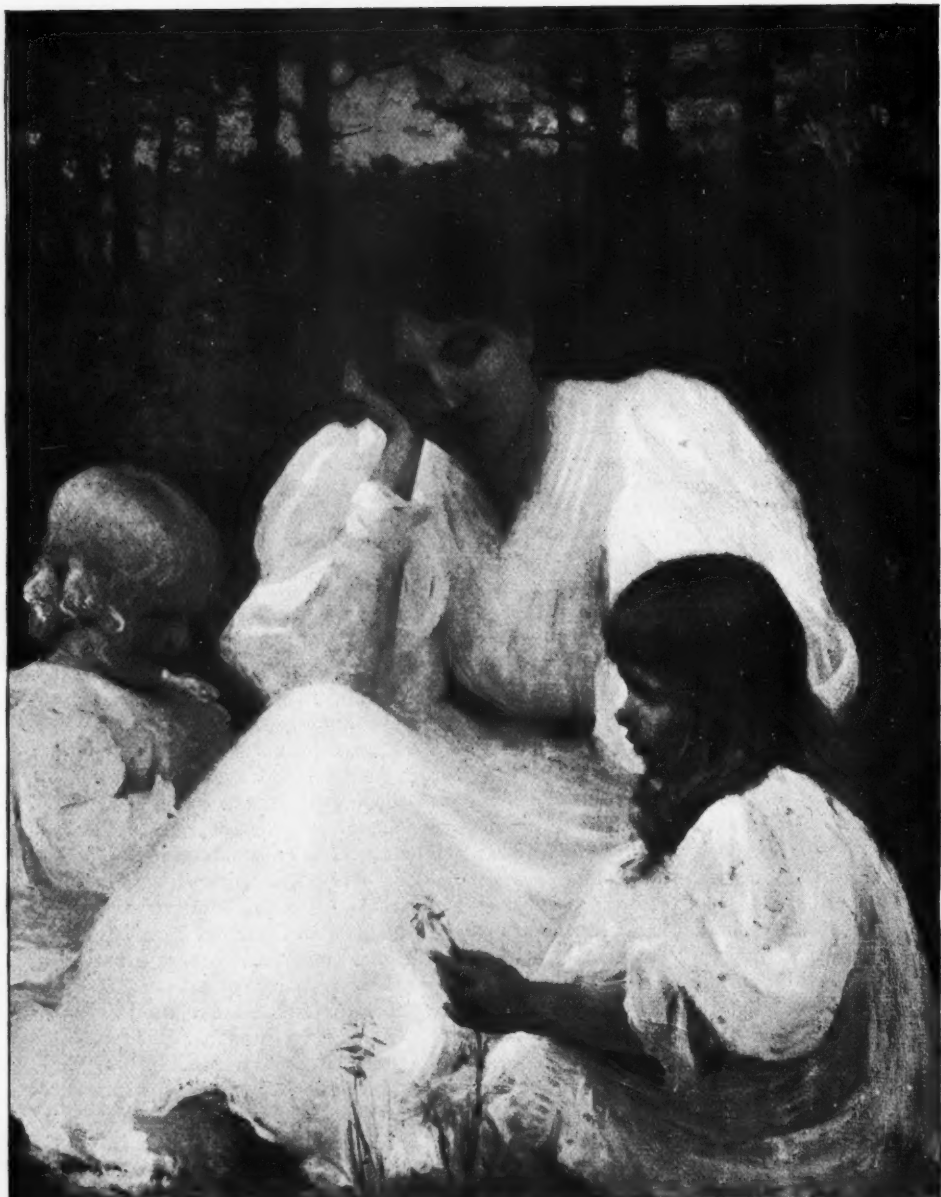
The exhibition and the succeeding one of the autumn have been under the supervision of Mr. C. C. Bryant, a pastel and crayon artist of repute who has been a loyal friend to the exhibitors, sending orders and pupils to the artists in a manner that has established a feeling of good fellowship in the art colony. It was with this successful display that the first exhibition terminated — one which in every detail had met the heartiest support of all classes, winning even the most conservative of Boston's artists, who despite the free Parisian influence, cling to the old traditions of a sternly disciplined race. But with a frankness that had instantly dispelled all suspicions of underlying motives, Mr. Jordan had set forth

clearly and forcibly his intentions. A keen knowledge of the demands of the times, is allied in him to an artistic nature, and he felt sure of his ultimate reward. It is with the late Mr. Walters of Baltimore that this young merchant prince is to be classed; a connoisseur by instinct and education, he is endeavoring to follow the footsteps of this philanthropist and whole-hearted American.

Young Mr. Jordan was educated in the desirably democratic schools of his native city, entering Harvard College with the class of 1880. Here he was a prominent leader on the football field, entering this sport with a zest which gave him a prominent position on the team. Abnormal vision caused him to relinquish his studies. After leaving college he travelled extensively, visiting Europe and California.

Returning to Boston he entered the employ of the firm in which his father stands foremost, determined to become a thorough business man, at the same time cultivating an artistic taste with which he was most happily endowed. He advanced with steady strides to the front, finally entering the firm, bringing a new life and vigor, like a fresh breeze from the hilltops, which gave rise to ideas, originated and executed by his tactful ingenuity. This at first found expression in new and important departures in the formerly business-like routine of this great house, such as special departments, which proved successful innovations.

But a single generous impulse surmounted all others; it was to

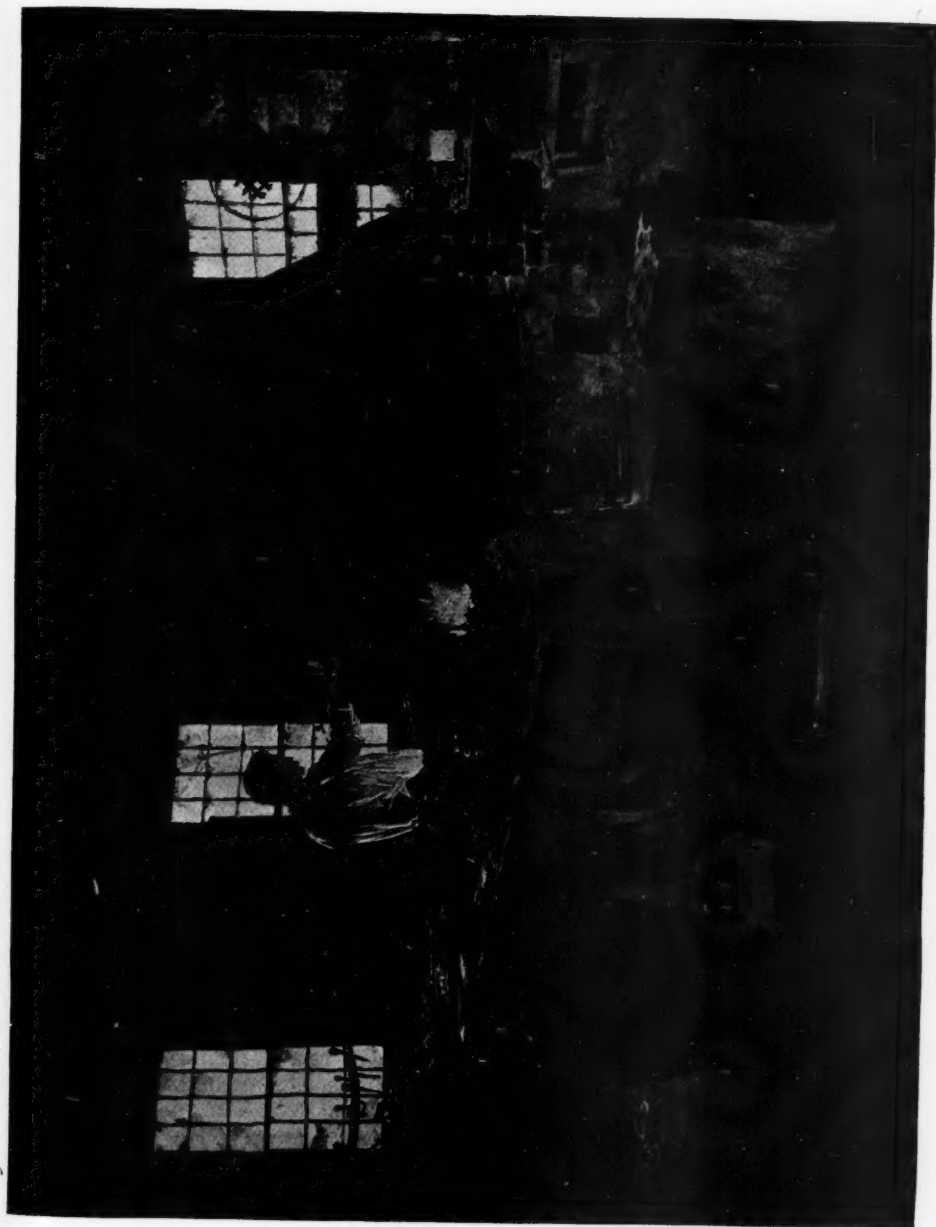


*Painting by Frank W. Benson.*

**"MOTHER AND CHILDREN."**

Received the first prize for oil painting.





*Painting by W. L. Taylor.*

"BLACKSMITH'S SHOP."

Received the second prize for water colors.

acquaint the people with the artists, and help establish artistic fraternity, such as does not yet exist in the highest sense in our American cities. Liberal were the inducements set forth; a well lighted gallery, accessible to all; thoughtful judges chosen, magnificent awards, and a hanging committee that considered the effect of each picture, giving it a terra-cotta space, similar to the Grosvenor Gallery of London—a most wise discretion. Mr. Jordan was assured that his well-formed project was most popular; artists, critics and people allied themselves in sympathetic appreciation of the great advantages.

The second exhibition, announced for the fall of 1894, was a decided deviation from the original plan. The founder of the gallery, was determined to aid in the development of New England, and New England artists were asked to join in the competition for the splendid prizes offered. The subjects of the pictures were restricted to the fine possibilities of New England scenery and life. The jury of admission consisted of the following well-known artists: Thomas Allen, Marcus Waterman, E. C. Tarbell, J. J. Enneking, Henry Sandham, Miss May Hallowell, Ross Turner, Walter F. Dean and I. M. Gaugengigl.

Mr. Jordan is projecting many novel features for the exhibition of '96—such as a larger gallery with better and improved methods of lighting—that will delight artists.

The present gallery was opened Nov. 19, and there were exhibited in all about one hundred pictures;

the water colors occupying the smaller gallery and the oil paintings the larger. They were admirably hung on the soft-tinted walls, and were the works of the best artists of New England. The seven prizes this year amounted to three thousand dollars; the grand Jordan prize of \$1500 for an original work, never before exhibited, representing New England life, past or present, the picture winning this prize to be presented to the Museum of Fine Arts; a special Jordan prize of \$300 for women; two prizes for oil paintings, \$300 and \$200; two for water color paintings, \$300 and \$200; and an extra prize of \$200 called the "People's prize" to be given to the artist whose picture should receive the highest number of votes from the visitors to the gallery.

The jury of award was Mr. Thomas Allen, Mr. E. C. Tarbell, Mr. I. M. Gaugengigl, Miss May Hallowell and General Loring, and on Jan. 16, 1895, the prizes were distributed. The splendid Jordan prize was awarded to Mr. Charles H. Hayden for his painting, "Turkey Pasture."

Mr. Hayden is a native of Plymouth, Mass., beginning his art studies early in life with John B. Johnston, the cattle painter. When the school at the Art Museum opened, Mr. Hayden entered as a pupil, remaining there the greater part of the first three years; then for five years he designed for stained glass decoration, going abroad in 1886 for three years of study at the Academie Julian under Boulanger and Lefébre, and afterward with Raphael Colin. Mr. Hayden exhibited in the Salon



*Painting by Edward H. Barnard.*

"LOOKING OVER THE OAKS."

Received the second prize for oil paintings.

of 1889 and the Universal Exposition of 1889, receiving honorable mention. The Boston Art Club purchased one of his pictures in 1891. Mr. Hayden has exhibited at the World's Fair, at the Society for American Artists in New York and the Philadelphia Academy.

The "Turkey Pasture" — here reproduced for the first time as are indeed all the prize pictures — is one of his best things; the drawing is faultless, and the composition is nearly perfect. The luminous fall of sunshine on the turkey pasture, lights up the heavy-plumaged New England fowl as they strut majestically through the waving grass. In the distance we discern a bit of blue sea and rolling hills. This is an authentic scene near Mystic, Conn., where Mr. Hayden passed the summer months. Of

this artist's works it can be truthfully said that they make no great *furor*; good things are expected of him and taken as a matter of course.

The women's prize was given to Miss S. Mary Norton for her "Boston Public Kindergarten."

Miss Norton studied at the Art Students' League under Messrs. Beckwith and Chase. She was three years in Paris, first in the Julian *atelier* and later in the Colorassi under Courtois and Dagnau Bouveret. She has exhibited in both the old and new Salons and is a regular contributor to the Society of American Artists and the Academy exhibition in New York. Among her best known pictures are "In the Laboratory," owned by Smith College, a modern subject treated by mod-

ern methods — a young girl making a chemical experiment in the school laboratory; "The Tea Party," a well known *genre* picture now on exhibition at Williams & Everett's; "The Locomotive Engineer," exhibited at the World's Fair. Among her portraits are those of the late William Minot; General Walker; St. Clair McKelway of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and a portrait of "Mother and Child" which was spoken of for the woman's prize at the New York Academy.

Miss Norton ranks among the first American women artists in originality of conception, together with a good technique — i. e., correct drawing and truthfulness of color. She has the courage of her convictions and with a splendid dash she sets forth her theories in

her work. Nothing could be more modern in subject and method of treatment, typical of the to-day life of our children than the scene depicted in the "Kindergarten." The little lads and lassies, intent on their character-training tasks, are blessed with the warm radiance of sunlight that permeates the school room. The picture at first impresses the critic with an air of fragility, but even its thin textures have a subtle strength that ensnares one's delighted attention. The light and color remind one of a garden of flowers.

The first prize for oil paintings went to Mr. Frank W. Benson, for his outdoor group of mother and two children in white, portraits of his wife and children.

Mr. Benson was born and still lives in Salem, Mass. He was a



Painting by Stacy Tolman.

"VILLAGE DOCTOR."

Received the first people's prize.

pupil of the Art Museum three years, finishing his studies in Paris at the Julian Academy; while there he exhibited in the Royal Academy, and later his famous picture, "Orpheus," was shown in the National Academy of Design in New York in 1889. He captured the Clarke prize at the National Academy in 1891 and the Ellsworth prize at the Chicago Art Institute; he received later a medal for a picture exhibited at the Mechanics Fair in Boston; he also sent a beautiful canvas to the World's Fair, and last year he received the \$500 prize from the Jordan Gallery for his "Lamplight." In 1889 he was appointed a teacher of drawing from the antique at the Art Museum, and still holds a position there as teacher of the life class.

Mr. Benson's prize picture of 1895, here illustrated, shows a chasteness in sentiment and a classical yet refined treatment. An expression of holy mother love passes through every touch; there is a subtle modelling of the baby flesh, a pensive tranquillity that gives Mr. Benson a unique niche.

The second prize for a work in oils was justly decreed to Mr. Edward H. Barnard for his "Looking over the Oaks." This artist began his studies under John B. Johnston in 1876, and was under his influence during the four years spent at the Art Museum under Otto Grundmann, studying landscape with him summers and taking work to him for criticism. After leaving the Art Museum Mr. Barnard gave four years to designing stained glass and decoration, doing figure work mostly,

scarcely touching a brush the while. In 1886 he went to Paris and entered Julian's under Bou langer and Lefébre for a year, passing his summers with C. H. Davis in the country. The second year Mr. Barnard entered Colin's *atelier* and studied two years with him. He exhibited a portrait in the Salon of 1888, another in 1889 and a *genre* picture, "A Pastime of the Middle Ages," in Paris Exposition of 1889, which picture is now owned by Mrs. Corlis of Providence. Mr. Barnard returned to America in the summer of 1889, filling the position of instructor of drawing at "Bradford Academy."

"Looking over the Oaks" is a notable landscape. There is a color scheme of harmonious contrasts, a breadth of strokes, a catching of elusive sun-rays that make a charming picture.

The first prize for water-colors was given to Theodore Wendel's "Rainy Day."

Mr. Wendel is a native of Ohio. He studied principally with Frank Duveneck in Italy and Germany, and has been represented in various exhibitions in America.

In this picture Mr. Wendel has portrayed an instantaneous impression of nature that rarely receives treatment. Pictorially to the mass, this work is utterly devoid of interest. But Mr. Wendel struck a true note and then, without timidity or weakening it by over-treatment, stopped. He did but little but did that little just right.

The second prize for a water color was awarded to W. L. Taylor's "Blacksmith's Shop."



A CORNER OF THE JORDAN ART GALLERY.

This artist is a painter, etcher, engraver and illustrator; perhaps better known outside the profession as an illustrator of the *Youth's Companion*. His "Blacksmith's Shop" is almost phenomenal as a watercolor; it is a strong picture, well composed, with a wonderful wealth of detail that is perfectly subordinated, with not an obtrusive line in its makeup. Mr. Taylor has shown in this marvellous little picture what careful attention to values will accomplish.

The majority of the people's votes was for Stacy Tolman's "Village Doctor." Mr. Tolman began his studies at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in 1878. After a four years' course he worked as a decorator, soon going abroad for

study in Paris, entering the Academy Julian for a year and afterward entering Cabanal's *atelier* at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Most of the second year was spent in drawing from life. Mr. Tolman exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1885, and also in the Boston Art Club, the Paint and Clay Club and the World's Fair. In the spring of 1893 he became connected with the Rhode Island School of Design, where he is at present instructor in the freehand department.

The prize picture depicts in faithful detail the interior of a New England "settin' room." The accessories are almost innumerable and show a careful and painstaking study of the subject.

MABEL C. PELLETIER.



## OUR PILGRIM FOREMOTHERS.

MORE than two centuries and a half have passed, since our Pilgrim ancestry furnished occasion for our proud boast of kinship with them. We have fittingly commemorated the energy, the sturdy endurance, the religious exaltation, the privations, sufferings and achievements of the Pilgrim fathers by pen and speech, and each celebration on "Forefathers' Day" has, with occasional rare exceptions, had the above themes as special subjects of consideration and eulogy.

In this "the woman's century," where there are few walks in life few occupations, which are not feeling her dominant, invading presence, it is fitting that a few words should be said in praise of the *foremothers*, letting the *forefathers* remain for a while peacefully at rest, into which they so long ago entered.

Many of the ancestors of our foremothers had undergone imprisonment, fines, mutilation, torture, banishment, death, loss of estates and position under the bitter persecution of the zealous, popish Queen Mary of bloody fame, and some of these milder penalties were not unknown under Elizabeth, who was at heart friendly to popery, but keen and far-sighted enough to yield to the prevailing spirit of her people, who were so largely Protestants. But even the established worship of the English church, with its strict injunctions, did not satisfy the

Puritan spirit, for they considered that the Church of England, while rejecting popery, had retained many of its forms. Consequently they were often in trouble for holding meetings of their own, more in conformity with their own ideas of worship, and unmindful of the odium they thereby incurred, they did not object to the name of "Separatists," which marked their separation from the established forms of worship.

The women, in spite of many anxious and painful hours, were as loyal as the men to their conscientious scruples. In 1592, six years after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, another stringent law required all persons "to attend the established church under penalty of banishment, and *death* if they returned therefrom." None among the Separatists were more averse to complying with this law than holy and devout Pastor Robinson and his flock in the North of England. The departure for Holland was the result.

We must remember that some of the women were gently born and reared in their youth, and this exile meant separation from kin and friends, and, in several instances, the abandonment of stately homes, whose land had all the beauty and attractiveness of generations of cultivation and improvement. What courage, what devotion, what religious principle it required for these gently-nurtured women and maidens to

willingly leave all this behind for love and conscience' sake and voluntarily exile themselves across the stormy North Sea in the strange land of Holland for thirteen years.

Here, deprived of houses, land and means, their constant and unremitting toil and frugal honesty were not sufficient to meet their simple wants, burdened as many of them were with large families, and "they were obliged to put their children to work at so early an age that not only were they deprived of education, but the length of hours and confined positions in which they labored, caused the early death of some, and permanent deformity of others." Can not we imagine the anguish of the mothers' tender hearts as they were compelled by cruel necessity to suffer all this? They had had a hard time, too, in *getting* to Holland when they attempted to leave Boston in 1607, for the treacherous captain of the vessel which they had chartered, had betrayed them when they were hardly on board, to English officers and allowed the latter to come on to the vessel, seize their effects and money, and then, before a gaping, curious crowd, lead them to prison.\* The majority, however, were soon set free except seven of their principal men, who were brought to trial, fined and at length released.

Their second attempt, a year later, was almost as disastrous. They had bargained with a Dutch ship-master at Hull and the women and

children were sent there in a small bark, while the men went by land. They waited on board the Dutch vessel for the women, but before the latter had been received, the cowardly captain, seeing the approach of an armed company, who had got wind of the matter, immediately hoisted his anchor and put out to sea, in spite of the entreaties and even weeping appeals of the men, who saw the terrified, desolate women with the clinging, crying children left on the shore.

Cold, hungry and half-distracted, they were dragged from one magistrate to another, till their piteous condition and Christian demeanor are said to have won them friends and softened even their persecutors, so that eventually they were enabled to rejoin their men folk, months afterward. The latter had a terrible voyage with the heartless Dutch captain, for they encountered a terrific storm lasting fourteen days, during seven of which they saw neither sun, moon nor stars.

Hardly had our much tried foremothers got settled at Amsterdam, where they at first tarried, when it was decided, on account of religious contentions, not to be a satisfactory place, and they moved to Leyden. Here, as has been said, they struggled and toiled incessantly. But their cup was not yet full. These godly men and women saw the Sabbath habitually profaned in Leyden, and a disbanded soldiery setting a loose example to their children.

Besides, the Dutch were continually urging them to colonize under their government, which

\* The women not only suffered from the excitement and terror incident to the trying occasion, but themselves were searched by these brutal men "further than became modesty," while "their keepsakes, books and other little effects were stolen and scattered."



*Painting by Robert Weir.*

THE PILGRIMS AT PRAYER BEFORE THE START TO AMERICA.

they did not wish to do and lose their English identity. For in spite of all they had undergone, English they were to the core, in speech, tradition and abiding love, and the strange language and people and customs made but little impress upon their individual national traits. At heart they clung to the land which had driven them from its borders.

Feeling, therefore, that they had nothing to hope for from England or Holland, they at last decided to try the wilderness of America and found a settlement and church, wherein they could serve God according to their conscience without oppression or moral hindrance.

Stout-hearted Elder Brewster and family were most active in this matter. None of the seven men detained and imprisoned at Boston had suffered more severely than Brewster. He was the largest loser of all, and his wife and children not only had the anguish of seeing him dragged from the vessel to prison, but with him were made so destitute, that "they lived in sad poverty and exhausting toil in Holland," which did not, however, daunt their courage and faith, though the husband and father had once "kept the keys of cities and feasted with princes and ambassadors."

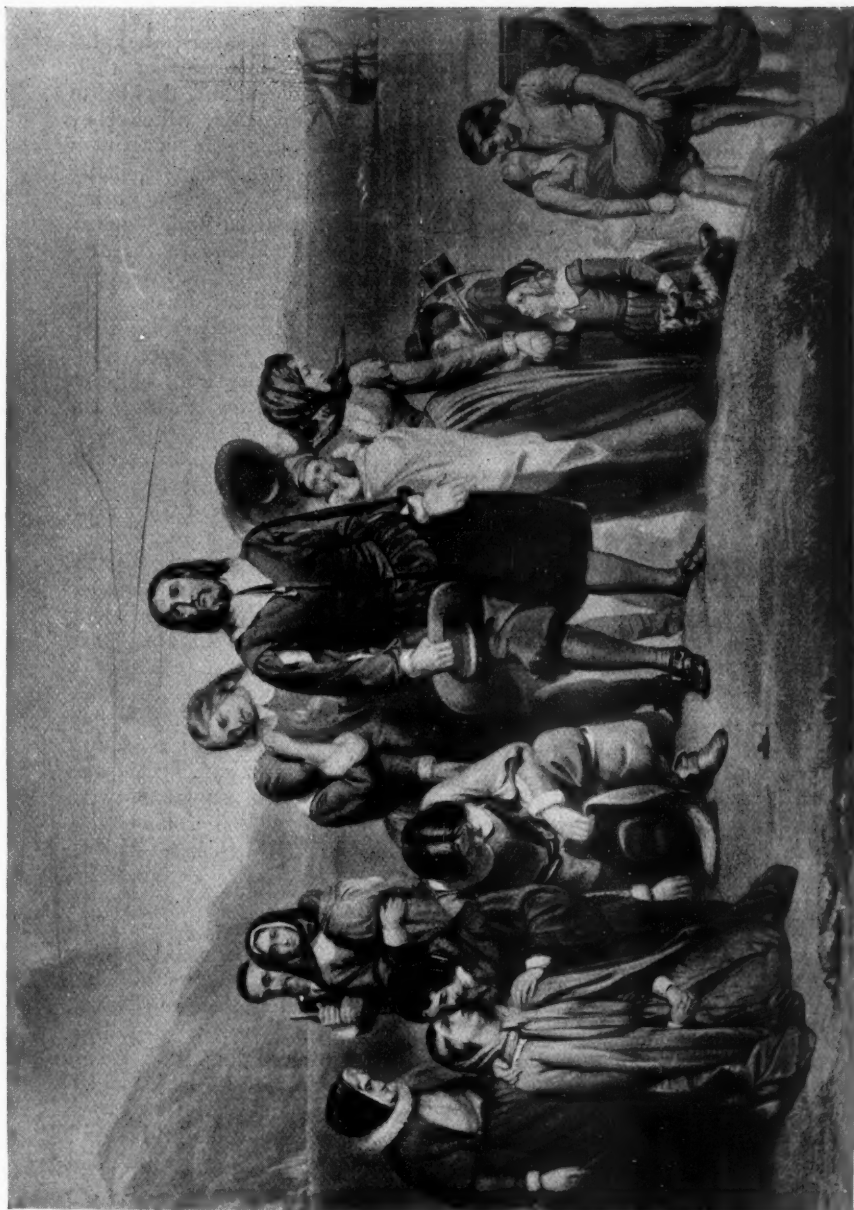
Brewster was now fifty-eight, and John Carver, afterwards first governor of Plymouth Colony, was near his age. He, too, was married, as well as his much younger friend, the "meek and prudent" William Bradford, with the girl-wife of seven years before. Sweet Rose Standish, too, had consented to

follow the "fiery, little captain," and youthful Edward Winslow and his lovely bride, the richest in descent and wealth of all the Pilgrims at that time. How little could these graceful girls foresee the hardships before them, and their early death in consequence!

We all know how the two ships, which were at length secured, finally resolved themselves into one, on account of the doubtful conduct of the captain of the "Speedwell," and how some of the passengers of the latter had to be crowded into the "Mayflower," which set out solitary and alone, followed by the blessings and prayers of their beloved pastor and those who remained, hoping to join them later.

And here I must again refer to the courage and faith of our Pilgrim mothers, who put forth on the crowded, primitive, inconvenient vessel of those days, sailing in the autumn with the winter near at hand, parting from home and kin, their destination an unknown land inhabited by savages and wild beasts, and not a trace of civilization to greet their saddened eyes, which, we may well imagine, were too often dim with tears.

So painful had been their "sad and mournful parting" in Holland, as their venerated and aged pastor knelt with them on the quay, commending them in fervent prayer to their heavenly Father's protection, so moving were their mutual embraces with those who could not accompany them, "such sighs and sobs and prayers did sound amongst them, such tears did gush from every eye and pithy speeches pierce each other's heart," that even the



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

stolid Dutch spectators could not refrain from weeping with them. The Pilgrims were "unable to speak for the abundance of sorrow," and weeping they passed on board the waiting ship, which at once swung away from the wharf, flying the red cross of St. George at the stern, and far above at the main, the Union Jack and pennant "streaming prophetically westward," while those on board and those on shore extended their hands towards each other and then silently lifted them to heaven. I know of nothing more affecting than this embarkation, which is such a touching feature of Pilgrim history.

Then had followed the tedious delay at Southampton, succeeded by the two serious interruptions of their voyage and rearrangement of the passengers, whereby the "Mayflower" had been so overcrowded. And then in these small, illy-ventilated quarters, suffering from sea-sickness, tossed by wild and dangerous storms of great severity, during which they were constantly wet, and making the slowest progress, how often must the hearts of those women, many of them wives and mothers, have been filled with fear and trembling dread. It is impossible to realize, in these days of swift and luxurious ocean steamers, what that long and stormy voyage of sixty-four days meant, before they even sighted land. No wonder that they all fell on their knees to return thanks for their preservation.

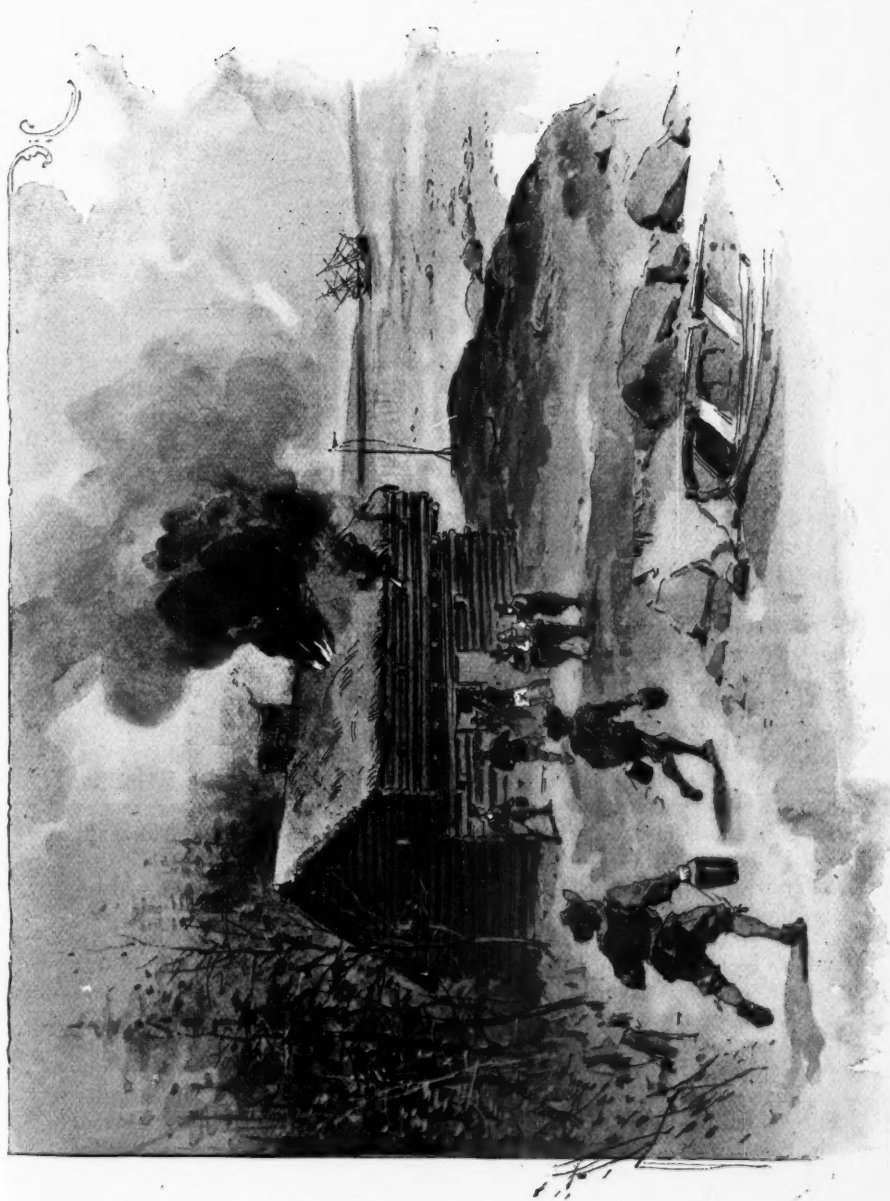
But this was Cape Cod, not the mouth of the Hudson which was their destination. So, bearing away to the south, and encounter-

ing dangerous breakers, they listened to the entreaties of their over-taxed women, and decided to return to Cape Cod, which they did, making the safe harbor of Provincetown where they gladly anchored for five weeks, during which the women, under guard, went ashore to attend to their accumulated washing. All was wild and desolate about them. No comfortable house or smiling friends greeted their eyes. But how those women and children must have enjoyed leaving the close quarters of the ship, even though they had to wade through the shallow waters near the shore. It was the thirteenth of November, 1620, and none too warm.

During their stay in the harbor, sixteen of the men, well armed, under the lead of Standish, whom they had elected captain, made several excursions in search of a fitting place to settle. They found their first delicious spring water thus, and also saw a band of Indians who ran away. This and many adventures they met with must have made the women most anxious whenever their loved ones set out for new explorations. Death had already taken five of their number before they commenced their settlement, which they named New Plymouth.

Then began the arduous work, in inclement weather, of felling timber and building their rough shelters, for which the long-cooped-up women and children were doubtless only too thankful. And how gratefully, too, they all held their first Lord's day service on shore Dec. 31, 1620. Many were ill and two more were dead, the





THE ALARMED PEOPLE SAW THE FIRE FROM THE SHIP, BUT COULD NOT GET ON SHORE ON ACCOUNT OF THE TIDE.

first white child had been born, and winter was fast closing in upon them. Some were lodging on shore, some on the "Mayflower," and when the tide was out there was no communication between them.

On one of these occasions the storehouse they had labored so hard to construct, caught fire from a spark in the thatched roof very early in the morning, and only by the greatest exertion was the fire prevented from reaching the lower part, where were deposited loaded guns and ammunition. Governor Carver and William Bradford lay ill in the storehouse at the time. The alarmed people saw the fire from the ship, but could not get on shore for an hour on account of the tide. What must have been the feelings of the women, who saw their few defenders thus exposed to a danger of whose extent they were ignorant!

Who shall fitly tell of all the sufferings of our foremothers that first winter from fear of savages and wild beasts, from cold and exposure, fatigue, hardships and scanty food! Neither tea, coffee nor chocolate was known as a beverage in those days, and the churlish captain of the "Mayflower" husbanded the beer, their daily dependence, lest he should be short on the return voyage. No milk was to be had and children might cry to the distressed mothers for it in vain. Even in 1623 milk, fresh beef and mutton had never been seen in the colony.

Small wonder, then, that by spring, half of their number slept their last sleep, including Governor Carver, the youthful wife of Edward Winslow, and the wives

of Miles Standish and Isaac Allerton, with others of lesser note. Yet the women never lost faith or courage, and when the "Mayflower" left them on the fifth of April, 1621, not one even spoke of returning to England, whatever might be the unuttered longings of their hearts. Fever and scurvy and consumption brought on by cold and exposure, had sadly desolated the little colony. Those who were able attended the sick, and the graves over which they had mourned were levelled and planted, that the Indians might not know of their weakened forces.

William White, the father of little Peregrine, was among the many victims. Whole families were swept away; many children were orphaned. Forty-four died in four months, among them twenty-one who had signed the compact on board the "Mayflower." In less than two months after his wife's death, Edward Winslow married the three months widowed mother of little Peregrine, the second bride in the colony, the very youthful Priscilla Mullins having been the first, after she had encouraged John Alden to speak for himself.

Priscilla had just blossomed into young womanhood, and the fresh, youthful face of John Alden, with his courtly manners and twenty-two years, contrasted strongly with the little, grizzled and somewhat stern Captain Standish of thirty-seven, who so unsentimentally sent an ambassador instead of pleading his own cause. Naturally Priscilla asked, "Why does he not come himself?" and the reply, "He is too busy,"



"THAT LONG AND STORMY VOYAGE OF SIXTY-FOUR DAYS."

caused the spirited maiden to declare that she "would never marry the man who was too busy to court her." Longfellow's poem makes her say,

"Had he waited awhile, had he only shown  
that he loved me,  
Old and rough as he is, he might at last  
have won me,  
But now it can never happen."

Priscilla was the first "maiden bride" in the colony. Sweet Rose Standish had been dead but a few months when the doughty Captain sought in vain the youngest and prettiest maid in the settlement.

This touch of romance and sentiment must have been grateful to the younger women, for there was sadness enough those first two years. The discomforts of the long, stormy voyage and leaky ship with yawning timbers during the worst gales, and the crowded, illy-ventilated quarters, were succeeded by equal discomforts on shore. The angel of death spared them not, and as the women saw

their own number rapidly decreasing, some of the best women of the colony being among those who died, the hearts of the survivors must indeed have been heavy; Bradford's excellent wife, Isaac Allerton's spouse, the much-beloved Rose Standish, the young wife of Edward Winslow, who came on board almost a bride, all taken, and not a week for months when there was not a funeral and too often more than one. The living were scarcely able to bury the dead, and at one time there were not more than six or seven of the whole company who could wait upon the sick.

The fear of savages was added to their anguish, for they were threatened more than once during that first winter, and what terror must have been the portion of those wives when their husbands were obliged to make excursions from home and leave them comparatively unprotected, while winter storms beat about their rude

shelters and howling wolves and snarling beasts of prey hovered about their homes, while lurking savages worse than the beasts might at any moment curdle their blood with their fierce yell. On one occasion, when some of the men were absent negotiating with the Indians and seeking for days a vicious, troublesome lad (a son of the profane interloper Billington) who had strayed away, there were only seven men to protect the settlement. Had the Indians known of this, Plymouth annals might have ceased then and there. And when the "Mayflower" returned to England early in the following April, can we not imagine the feelings of the few women whom death had spared? Boughton's pathetic figures in his well known painting of "The Return of the Mayflower" are most touchingly suggestive. That day was made even more painful by the sudden illness of their worthy Governor Carver, "a gentleman of rare humility, singular piety, and great condescendency." His wife Katherine soon followed him.

But sad hearts revived as the pleasant summer weather came on. Alas, it was accompanied by a protracted drought and fruitless harvest. First, half rations, then semi starvation. Mothers beheld their children crying for bread, and in their own weakness saw their protectors emaciated and almost too weak to work in the fields. For a long time fish, clams and oysters were their food, until a scanty second harvest could be secured.

Almost the same experience was

theirs in 1623. When the ship Anne at last arrived with supplies in late July, they found the Pilgrims "in a very lowe condition, ragged in apparell and some little beter than halfe naked." "The best dish they could present to their friends with, was a lobster or a peece of fish, without bread or anything but a cupp of fair spring water."

Yet the women were as brave as the men in their strong faith and meek submission to the mysterious dealings of Providence, and willingly went with their children into the fields to help replant the blighted harvest. Truly we may well be proud of our Pilgrim foremothers. Few of the amenities of life were theirs. Roughly hewn planks and coarsely thatched roofs sheltered them. Their window panes were of oiled paper, their fuel often green and smoky. Water must be brought from some adjacent source. No soft carpets or rugs protected their tired feet from the cold floors. Forks were not used in Pilgrim days. The cut meat was carried to the mouth by the knife or fingers. The arduous labors, rude life and constant exposure to danger of their men folks, must have made them somewhat rough companions. And the many sad experiences and sorrowful happenings they had undergone, must have checked our foremothers' cheerfulness and sobered them early in life.

What a dull time the younger women and maidens must have had in that stern atmosphere of privation, anxiety, bereavement and religious repression, in spite of transient gleams of romance

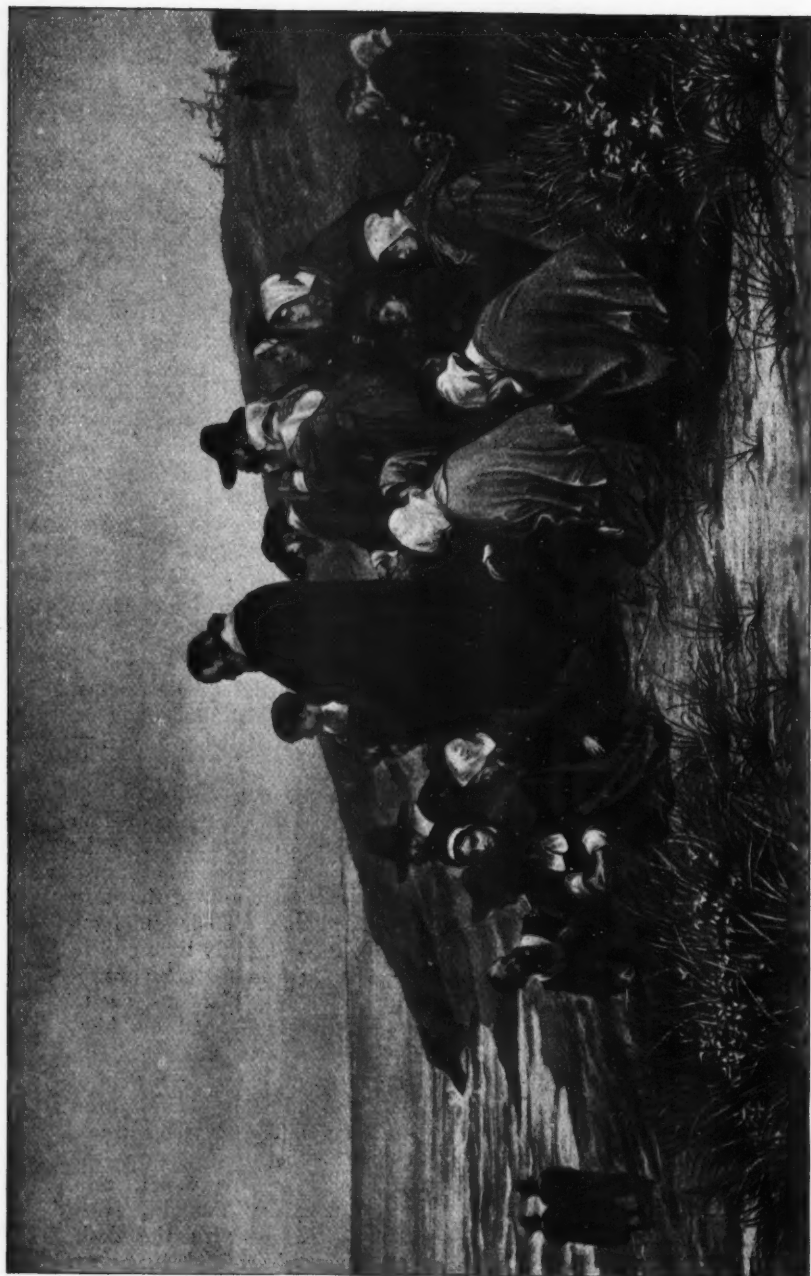


DID PENANCE IN THE STOCKS.

caused by the love making of ardent wooers, among whom the newly-made widowers were not the least conspicuous in their eager readiness to be thus consoled. The unending sewing, knitting, spinning and weaving, and unlovely daily toil of all sorts were their portion, while everywhere the austere Puritan atmosphere made itself felt. Even their names suggested this. Priscilla, Deborah, Humility, Remember, Love, Rejoice, Fear, Susannah, Mercy, Desire, Friendly, Peace, Faith, Patience, Abigail, Experience, and even stranger and quainter baptismal appellations were bestowed on helpless infants. As children in Holland they had sat rigidly in church in wholesome awe of the "ancient widow" who served as deaconess, and who

carried in her hand a little birchen rod which quickly descended on all small persons who disturbed the church.

Opposition, persecution, bitter and heavy trials, the reaction from the popish observances of "the church," had made determined, zealous, earnest bigots of the stern Pilgrim fathers. Their chief desire was to lead godly lives and to drive out sin from the community. Satan was a very real presence to the Pilgrims. He and his hirelings were ever in evidence. Pilgrim laws and regulations were of Mosaic strictness. They interpreted the Bible after the severest methods. Their religion was the touchstone of every act, nay, of almost every thought, every sentence. Away with the fleshpots and vanities and luxurious



*Painting by A. W. Bayes.*

DEPARTURE OF THE MAYFLOWER.



ease of their ungodly enemies with their popish rites! Let the garb be of severe simplicity. Let the soft hair of woman be banded smoothly and luxuriant tresses confined beneath the restraining cap; no ribbon, veil, furbelows or gauds of any sort so dear to the feminine heart. Wrath and retribution shall be visited on that scarlet Jezebel, the Romish church, and its degenerate scion of England, with its crosses and surplice and prayer-book, whose heavy hand they have felt so sorely. Woe betide all who look back regretfully on the loose revels and ungodly mirth of the distant homeland.

The Puritan spirit was theirs, although they clung to another name. Their language abounded in Scriptural phraseology; their laws were of the strictest sort. Even the wearing apparel of the women was regulated. The sleeves must not be over half an ell wide and they must cover the arm to the wrist. "Mixed dancing" and card playing were visited by fines and reprimands, and in at least one case, of a woman, by expulsion from the colony. Parents required the greatest reverence and obedience. Their children could not marry without their consent, and sorely did any disobedient daughter repent of it. The penalty for any man who offered proposals of marriage to any young woman, without the consent of her parents or master, was a fine or corporal

punishment "or both, at the discretion of the court." Several attempted violations of this law, in view of strict opposition to the suitor on the part of parents, brought condign punishment and eventual submission of the luckless lover. Women were admonished before the court "to be wary of giving offence to others by unnecessary talking," and if they "abused their husbands or struck their fathers-in-law [nothing is said about the much reviled mothers-in-law], they were sentenced to be fined or whipped at the post." One hapless Miss Boulton, being found guilty of slander, did penance in the stocks with a paper fastened conspicuously to her dress, on which the accusation was written in capital letters. All these laws were enacted a few years after the Plymouth settlement was well established.

Yes, in spite of the industry, frugality, patient endurance and God-fearing lives of the Pilgrim fathers we women of to-day are heartily glad that we were not among the foremothers, of whose virtues and sterling qualities we are proud to be the chroniclers. Their meek submission to and unrepining acceptance of their lot, their gentle forbearance, their loyalty to duty as daughters, wives and mothers, should cause them to be revered by every woman in whose veins runs the least drop of Pilgrim blood.

ELIZABETH COFFIN LOVERING.

## OUR POOR NEIGHBORS.

A TOUCHING story is told of the daughter of Sir Robert Peel. Her father gave her a riding habit for a birthday present, and as they rode out on a public park the father's heart swelled with pride when he looked at his beautiful companion by his side. Shortly after the daughter sickened and died. Upon investigation as to the cause of her death, it was found that the garment had been made in a miserable attic in the east end of London, and the seamstress had used it as a covering for her husband, who was ill with typhus fever.

Thus, whether or not realizing it, the interests of the rich and the poor are closely interwoven, and it becomes an imperative duty to look fully in the face the perils that threaten our poor neighbors. If we fail to find the solution of the serious problems that confront us in our large centres of population, the neglect may cost us not only our physical safety, but imperil our moral and religious welfare.

The growth of cities is enormous. In 1800 there were only five cities in the United States which had a population of more than 10,000. In 1850 there were thirty. In 1890 there were 354, and 27.87 per cent of the total population was in places of 10,000 or over.

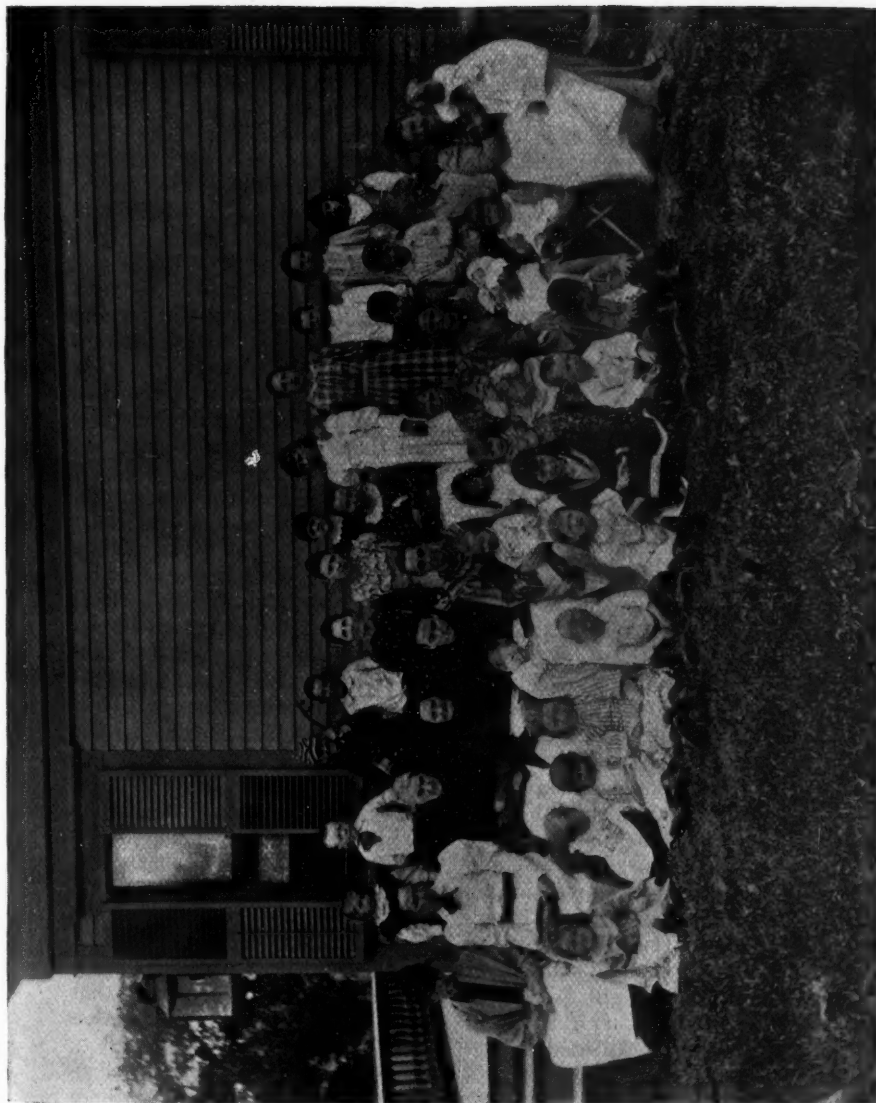
Then there is the influence of cities. They have well been called the "nerve of civilization." Another says: "The history of the great cities of the world is, sub-

stantially, the history of mankind. Not only have they played a conspicuous part in the political affairs of nations, but they have originated and determined the social and intellectual, the moral and spiritual, conditions and destiny of the various peoples and communities that have dwelt upon the face of the earth and made its history." Cities are regnant throughout the length and breadth of our country, controlling the political, social and religious life of the nation.

Nor must we forget that wicked men are contending for the possession of our cities. Could we see the wickedness, crime and pollution that prevail; could we look into the gambling dens and liquor saloons carrying on their work of death; could we hear the cries of wronged innocence and of little children suffering through neglect; we would, also, see the duty lying at our very doors, and pray to God as never before that all about us

"Heart, and mind, and sense, He may make  
whole  
In perfect harmony."

The liquor traffic stands foremost among the perils that threaten the poor in city and suburb as well. On the first of May, 1894, there were in the city of Boston, 896 places licensed to sell intoxicating liquor, or one to every 500 of the population. Of these places 682 were licensed to sell to be drunk on the premises, or one to every 658 of the population. There are nearly twice as many liquor saloons in Boston to-day as there are



GROUP AT ROSEMARY COTTAGE.

churches and missions. The amount paid into the city treasury for the year ending Nov. 30, 1894, for license fees, was \$1,084,194, while the revenue of poverty, wretchedness, disease and death coming from the accursed traffic cannot be aggregated, nor can the orator's eloquence or the painter's brush portray the power it represents and exerts in the homes of the people, in politics, and in every department of life.

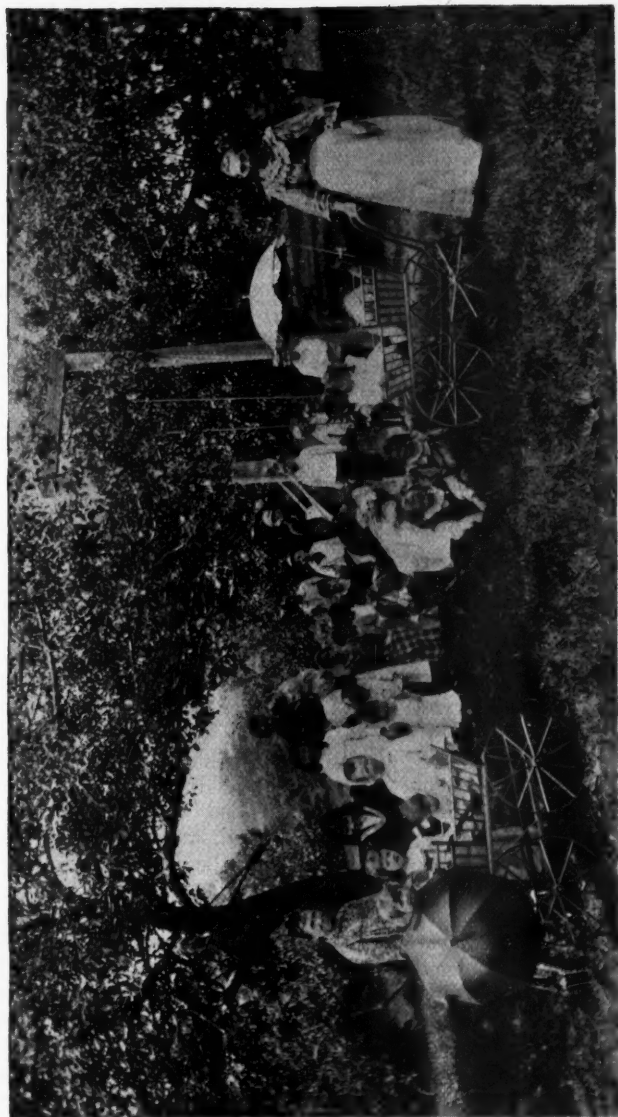
Another peril arises from the so-called conflict between labor and capital. In twenty years, 1860 to 1880, the wealth of our country increased 151 per cent while the population increased 59 per cent. We are told that if all the wealth had been equally divided in 1860 there would have been \$574, and in 1880 \$814, for each man, woman and child. Now very little increase came into the hands of the laboring class. Wages in some departments of work advanced and comforts may have been multiplied in the homes of the working people, but the gain was not very large at best.

It is the complaint of wage earners that the wealthy rob them of the money they earn by the sweat of their brows. They claim that the natural resources of the earth and the mechanical inventions of man are made to accrue to the benefit of the few and not of the many. They tell us that in 1880 children between the ages of ten and fifteen constituted 44 per cent of the working people of Massachusetts. They also tell us that in 1884 the average expense of a household in Boston was more by \$196 than the amount earned

by the head of the family. That means that the difference had to be earned by mother and children.

Last winter in a family where the father could not obtain work, the mother was trying to provide for the household by making stove mittens at seventy-two cents per twelve dozen pairs. In another family, consisting of a widow and several children, a child, only a little more than three years old, was sewing on pantaloons with her mother, who was thus trying to earn bread for those dependent upon her. We have recently known of a woman who has been limiting herself to three biscuits and three doughnuts a day, not able to obtain any tea, who gladly availed herself of the opportunity to make fifteen pairs of overalls at three cents per pair. Is it any wonder that there is a conflict between labor and wealth? Is it strange that it is next to impossible to make such people feel that the rich are their friends, or that the chasm between them and their wealthy neighbors widens as the years go by?

The density of our population and the foreign elements that enter into it is another menace. According to the last census the population of Boston was 448,477. This is more than one fifth of the whole population of Massachusetts, and exceeds that of either of twenty of the states and territories that make up the Union. The London of 300 years ago contained a smaller population than the Boston of to-day. In Ward 6 there are about 20,000 people, and if the same density prevailed over the whole city, it would give a



MOTHERS AND CHILDREN HAPPY.

population of more than 3,000,000. Steam has annihilated distance, and the dissatisfied masses of Europe are in our midst. Only thirty-three out of every hundred of our citizens can claim a native parentage, and you may hear more than twenty languages spoken on our streets. I think it is a fair estimate that of the 448,477 people in Boston in 1890, less than 200,000 were Protestants, while at least 225,000 were in the fold of the Romish church, and there were nearly 25,000 Jews. And yet the danger is not in the numbers who are among us from other lands, but in the social and political ideas they hold, the hostility of many of them to the Sabbath, the church and the schools, and in their rebellion against all authority, human and divine.

What is to be done for the poor? One answer is, "We must enforce education." Most of our youthful criminals have enjoyed school advantages, so the remedy must reach beyond the head; it must reach the heart. Sir Walter Scott wrote to his countrymen: "We shall never learn our real calling or secure our destiny till we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart."

Another replies, "Elevated railroads and better tenements will help matters." True, this will do something, but not so much as is often claimed.

Still another adds, "Send Christian men and women to labor among these people." This strikes at the foundation. In my judgment more can be accomplished in

this than in any other way. It is not easy to draw men steeped in sin and hating righteousness into paths of purity, but loving hearts will draw them. We must go after the lost; they must be sought out. "Go for them," said Mr. Moody, when asked how to reach the masses, and surely there can be no better way.

This brings us to the City Missionary Society, Boston, an organization which counts not time by years but deeds

"For carrying out God's ends."

Seventy-eight years ago last October there was organized in this city the Society for the Moral and Religious Instruction of the Poor. This name was retained until 1841, when it was changed to the one it now bears, the City Missionary Society.

The establishment of Sunday schools proved an important factor in the work of the Society in its early history. This new enterprise was looked upon by many as a matter to be investigated before their children should be placed under its influence. But schools multiplied and their membership increased, and according to first reports the results were convincing. The growth of Sunday schools, with their refining influences, has been phenomenal. In 1816 there were but two or three schools in Boston. There are now over 250 Protestant Sunday schools in all.

It is placed on honorable record that the present Sunday school system, primary school education, and interest in the religious welfare of sailors is due to the in-



fluence of the City Missionary Society, Rev. William Jenks, D. D., its secretary, instituting the first preaching service for seamen when on shore.

It has been said that statistics are "dull reading," but when the record shows kind looks, words and acts, those "secondary means

induced to attend public worship on Sunday; 789 children have been gathered into Sunday schools; 1,810 meetings have been held, and sixty-six persons have commenced the Christian life. Physical needs have also been faithfully attended to. Employment has been given to 577 per-



RICHARD H. STEARNS.

of grace," each figure is an illuminated story. So when we consider 53,096 visits made on 17,329 different families; 4,745 visits made to the sick; and forty-eight funerals attended, within one year, who can compute the comfort left in these homes? Or the good results from the distribution of 143,475 papers and tracts, and 626 copies of the Scriptures? During the year, 370 persons have been

sons, pecuniary aid to 2,194 families, such aid being afforded 9,523 times, and 12,737 garments have been given to the poor.

The value of personal work cannot be more effectively shown than by allowing our missionaries to conduct the reader into a few homes of poverty, and to hear through their lips, as eye witnesses, the sad histories of desolate abodes. See how brighter scenes

unroll as these messengers enter, what cheer their words give, what need their charities alleviate, how their prayers bring God's presence into darkened homes and hearts.

One of the most prominent features of city missionary effort

making up a list of twenty-five families, who, improved in their condition under this influence, had within two years sought homes in better localities, I could but contrast the condition of one family with that in which I found

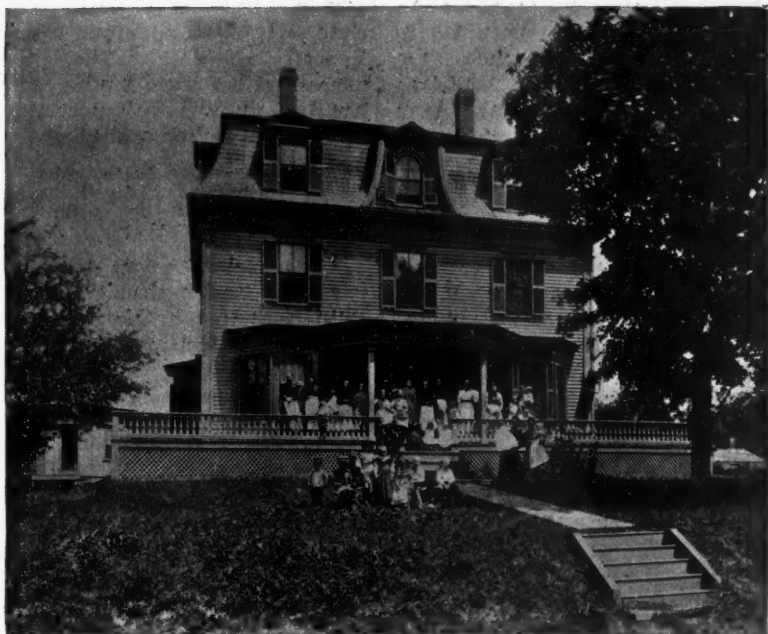


"I NEVER SOR ENOUGH OF ANYTHING AT WUNST BEFORE."

is that accomplished through the medium of hand-to-hand contact with needy ones, whereby mutual interest is awakened, and chords touched in wayworn hearts which will vibrate through eternity. As name after name came to me when

it many years ago. I recall a visit made in a forlorn attic where a poor woman sat, with a puny infant on her lap, sorting over rags.

"What are you doing?" I asked.



ROSEMARY COTTAGE.

"Looking to see if there are any pieces I can make use of to take to a junk store and get a few cents to buy a soup bone, for I have nothing to eat and no money," was her reply.

Over twenty years pass away. The infant has become an educated young lady, a graduate of the High and Normal schools, and has been for three years a teacher in one of our city schools. Three other children, graduates of our public schools, have excellent positions and are earning good wages. What a different record would have been written had it not been for missionary effort in behalf of this family!

A girl fourteen years old came

to me one evening at ten o'clock, saying, "I have no place to sleep, and I don't know what to do." I told her I would shelter her. She had been with me but a day when I met a lady who wished to take a young person into the country for the summer. The girl's case appealed to her, and F. was delighted to go. Several friends at once became interested, and clothing and money from various sources came in. The girls of my Sunday school class met to make garments.

At the end of a week, F.'s sister A., twelve years old, also came to me for protection, and having secured her father's permission to do with the children as I thought

best, application was made for A., with her younger sister E., to enter a Home. As there was room for but one, a Christian woman said she would take A. to her home in New Hampshire, and would keep her until she was eighteen, educate her, and fit her to earn her own living.

Up three narrow flights of stairs I went, in response to a request of parents who were watching at the sick bed of their only daughter. She was a beautiful child six years of age, whom the mother had trained with watchful care. The story that is as new to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago was

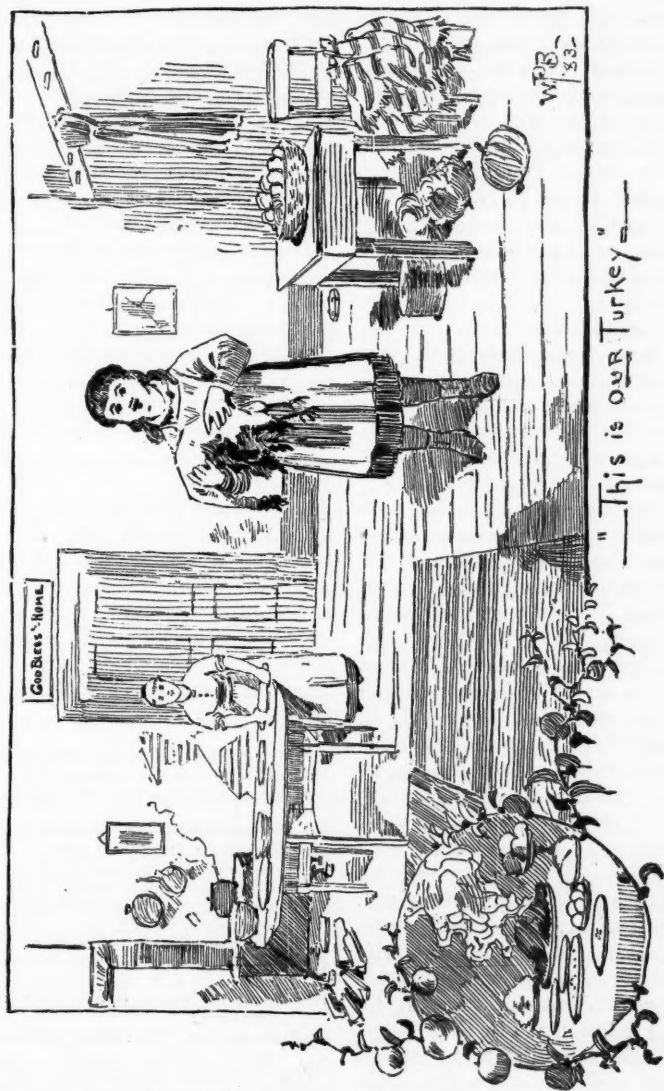
told her, and not in vain. The child said, "I am not afraid to die, I shall see dear Eddie," the memory of her little brother who had died a few days before coming to cheer the gathering shadows.

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day.  
An angel visited the green earth  
And bore a child away."

The parents were very poor, and it was proposed to them that their child be buried by the city, but they were industrious and knew that in time, they could pay the funeral expenses. The father's employer advanced the money for the burial.



"A FEW CENTS TO BUY A SOUP BONE."



THANKSGIVING SCENE.

Twenty years have rolled away since that scene in the little upper chamber. Of the seven children who have blessed the home only three remain. I have witnessed the triumph of Christian faith as I have seen the mother look for the last time upon her dead, and heard her say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." One of the sons is now preparing for Christian work and may enter the ministry, and the family is supplied with every comfort. When I first visited them they were living in a very small tenement, paying five dollars a month for rent. The husband and father has often said to me, "I cannot tell you what a benefit the assistance you gave us in money and clothing was in our time of need." The contrast between their present home with its nice furnishings, and the former one, is very marked, showing what industry and economy may accomplish.

How sad the domestic histories under the blight of intemperance: they evermore tell their tale of woe into God's ear, and plead with trumpet tones for the utmost energy of moral means and cogency of law to close up the fountains of this evil. Would to God all such histories might brighten into an experience like the following: The father has been intemperate, and that means destitution—wife and children often without food, fuel or sufficient clothing. But a change takes place in their home. The father stops drinking, attends church, and becomes a Christian, and uses the money formerly spent on drink to make his home comfortable.

The blessed story of the Fresh Air Fund will never have been told enough until the cities of the world shall have become the cities of the Great King, "where all the air is sweet," and all shall dwell in God's great sunlight forevermore. It has grown from a small beginning into a wide-reaching charity, which last summer sheltered 8,825 weary ones.

For those who are so fettered by their work and cares that they cannot leave their close, crowded homes for more than a day, there is provided a succession of daily excursions to Franklin Park, where bountiful picnic dinners and varied amusements, at an expense of only thirty-five cents for a person, are enjoyed. Such a day gives to many a worn mother her one sight of green fields and trees, her one opportunity of rest and social life, in all the year. Others are given a trip to Nantasket, from whose shores many turn with a restful sense that God's world is not confined to back walls and narrow streets.

"A little ragged orphan girl, who ne'er  
Had had a home nor known a parent's care,  
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless  
head,  
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,  
Was taken from the city far away,  
With others of her kind, one summer day,  
To look upon the ocean. At the sight,  
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave  
delight;  
And some one said, 'I wonder what can be  
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty  
sea?'  
She heard the words, and quickly turned  
her head,  
And in low tones, 'I's thinkin', ma'am,' she  
said,  
'I's glad I comed, because I never sor  
Enough of anything at wunst before.'"

The best of its gifts is Rosemary Cottage, in Eliot, Me., where



poor children, tired mothers and overworked shop girls go for two weeks, at an expense of less than seven dollars for the whole visit, including cost of transportation. We receive every year many letters full of thankfulness for what the fortnight has done for the writers, who are of all ages, from "the nine-year-old girl who went with her mamma, grandma and four brothers" to the mother who says that this is the first time since she had a family that she has been in the country.

One mother with three young children was so wearied with the washing and ironing by which she earned their livelihood, that it required much persuasion to get her to start, but she received so much benefit that she is never weary of telling the story of her delightful visit.

Another tired mother compared the life at Rosemary to her thought of heaven, where, in sweet content and holy peace, the soul lives restful evermore. Gathering her children about her on her return, she resolved that their home life should reflect that of the home in Eliot so far as possible.

Another most interesting case was that of a mother who had been in Boston three years. For more than a year she had heroically provided for a sick husband and four children by washing, and hard labor had developed a weeping sinew on her right wrist. After her husband's death, a wise, unselfish love led her to see the danger for her boys, and she said, "I ought to place my boys where others can more surely make good men of them than I can, who am

at home so little." Friends gained admission for one in the Liversidge Institution of Industry, and the other was received at the Farm School to be trained as a printer. Lizzie, a delicate girl, was sent to New Hampshire during August, and the remaining child was also provided for in the country.

After an operation had been performed on the mother's wrist, she was permitted to spend two weeks in the country, where she enjoyed the first rest for many years. Her cheery faith and sunshiny heart were lessons to all with whom she came in contact.

"Why do you sing so constantly?" a lady asked.

"Oh, I've so much trouble that unless I just sing my way through it I am afraid I'll give out," was her response.

Her gratitude found sweet expression in her first Sabbath away from home. Having asked if there was any one she could help, she was told by one of the ladies who had enjoyed her fine voice in song, of a poor invalid to whom she might go and sing. She went gladly, thus honoring her Master by this beautiful service, illustrative of that true charity which gives out as it receives, and recognizes in each recipient of its bounty the immortal mortal.

Let us look in upon another family circle. It is a quiet scene of noiseless suffering. A woman sits plying her busy needle, and though pale, weary and sad, she may not cease the rapid motion of her emaciated fingers, for with herself two children are dependent for shelter, warmth and bread,

upon that unresting needle. How precious are the almoners of God's grace and bounty in that home, where the mother bravely struggles to provide for her fatherless children, one of whom is an imbecile. The child, six years of age, had never walked.

Two weeks' vacation at Rosemary were given to this mother and child. The change of surroundings, with fresh air and plenty of good food, so benefited the little girl, that during these weeks she gave the first signs of intelligence which have gladdened the poor mother's heart, by trying to hum a tune and beat time with her small, thin hands. Can we estimate the value of two such weeks to our poor neighbors? "Where much is given much shall be required."

One mother, who took with her four children, told with interest of the morning prayers and singing at meal time. Her children had never before seen such a beautiful place. Not long after their return little Georgie asked, "When shall we go to that picnic again where they ring the bell for meals?" It was a new experience to them to hear a bell rung at meal time, and to have enough to eat, so it is not surprising that the two weeks seemed a continuous picnic.

The children tell with delight of treading the hay, of swinging all they wanted to, and of the stories read to them on Sunday afternoons, while the girls have all climbed the hill to see Mt. Washington in one direction, and the Isles of Shoals, "looking like long white boats," in the other.

A Norwegian lad, being asked

what he liked best of all at the Cottage, loyally pointed to the great American flag, to him a veritable banner of love, as it floated from its staff on the grounds, and answered, "I like best to see the flag flying!"

"What an out-door life Jesus lived!" So wrote one of Boston's wealthy citizens in a letter to a friend. Will not these weary ones open their hearts more readily to His words when they have enjoyed the lilies of the field, the peace of the meadow and the glory of the hilltop, which were His object lessons when on earth, and so familiar to the people among whom He lived and taught? Thank God that generous impulses have made such delightful experiences possible by timely and friendly aid!

On Thanksgiving day many homes are brightened by gifts scattered the previous day. In one home a widow had earned a ton and a half of coal and a barrel of flour by making button holes at one cent each. Was not a Thanksgiving dinner deserved in that home? Another mother, also a widow, having six children to support, stood at the ironing table all Thanksgiving day, but her labor was lightened by the gratitude which filled her heart because her children had been made glad by the bountiful dinner which had been provided by those who believed it was "more blessed to give than receive."

Mr. Stanley gives us in that remarkable book, "Through the Dark Continent," an account of visiting one of the villages in Central Africa, where the men, women

and children came out to meet him. As he stood looking at them he wondered if they could be human, they were so repulsive. While he was thus musing, a pole leaning against a tree was knocked down and struck one of his men on the head, hurting him severely. At once there went up from the women so generous and unaffected a cry of pity and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, that Mr. Stanley says: "My human heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth the women's human hearts beating for another's suffering, and I recognized and hailed them as my own, but degraded, sisters."

In our work we recognize a sisterhood and brotherhood under every condition, ignorant or literate, rude or refined, sorrowing or rejoicing, sinning or sinned against, and seek to bind all hearts to the blessed Redeemer by a chain that shall be stronger than any fetters, that all may come to be partakers of His salvation.

It is Ruskin, I think, who has reminded us that the blackest slime of a beaten footpath, composed of soot, clay, sand and water, causing defilement beneath our tread, is capable of being transformed in Nature's laboratory into the most varied and precious forms. Thus the clay in process of time, under proper conditions, becomes white, clear and so firmly set that it reflects heaven's blue, and we call it sapphire. Then the sand, acted on by outside agencies, arranges itself in mysterious parallel lines, which reflect the blue, green and red rays, and

we call it opal. The soot cannot be made white at once, but at last the transmutation takes place, and for the blackness which it had it obtains the power to reflect all the rays of the sun at once, and we call it diamond. And last of all, the water, filtered by the sun's fervid rays, obtains the form of a lovely dew-drop, glistens as a star, and returns again to bless the earth, and so there is rain on the fields, storm on the mountains, and beauty everywhere. This is true of mud, and in our city mission efforts we strive to work out as glorious a change in degraded humanity. We are not discouraged by its debasement. There lie patent in it the grandest and noblest possibilities.

There is a beautiful legend of Arabia, in which the prophet Mohammed is represented as sitting under a palm tree, telling his hearers about the worth of charity, and declaring that the man who could help the poor in this world would be clothed with a green robe in Paradise.

One of his hearers was greatly touched, and rising up said: "O prophet, my mother is dead. What would be the best alms that I could give for her soul?"

Said the prophet, after having thought of the weary and thirsty travellers in the desert, "Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty."

The man did so, and said, "This well is for my mother." He built a real monument to her memory in this way, and felt that he could thus show forth some of the love which he had not fully manifested to her when she lived.

D. W. WALDRON.

## OLD PLYMOUTH SCHOOLS.

THE first settlement at Plymouth was made a very few days before New Year's of 1621, nearly the "one hundred and one" dying from the exposures of that first winter in the wilderness. It was long before seed-time and harvest could supply a sufficiency of breadstuffs. We read that "by the time our corn is planted our victuals are spent," but also that "we bear our wants in cheerfulness" even if sustaining themselves chiefly on clams. The old ballad says,

"For if we've a mind for a delicate dish,  
We go to the clambank and there we catch  
fish,"

the abundance of this delicacy causing the pious Elder Brewster—acting pastor of the colony—to offer up thanks for "the treasures hid in the sands."

In the midst of privations, twenty years previous to the introduction of horses, before "one cow was assigned to six families," or "the black heifer" found place in the town records along with the sale of "one share in the brown-backed cow," at so early a period as 1623, it was decided that "they ought to take into consideration that some course may be taken that in every town there may be a schoolmaster set up to train the children in reading and writing," the expense to be paid by the towns.

As in our day "citizens" are supposed to mean men only, so "children" in this arrangement must have meant only boys, as it was within the memory of some

not long deceased that girls were allowed "one hour's schooling," after the boys had gone home at noon. There was great outcry at such unheard-of proceeding. For this encroachment on what had been the exclusive privilege of the dominant sex raised the same kind of opposition which similar encroachments have raised ever since, and are still raising, and on the same grounds, namely that acquirements beyond those already allowed would lessen women's home value. Were there not dame schools where little girls could learn to "make a shirt for father," fine stitching and all? Also to do, on canvas thereunto appointed, the needful "marking stitch"?

These canvas *samplers* were marvels of little girl skill, with their many alphabets of letters of many shapes and sizes, wrought in silks of divers colors, each alphabet separated from its neighbor by some ornamental device, and usually a moral verse at the end, and perhaps a wreath, or sprig of something, or even a house and trees at the bottom of all. When at last the edge was done round with a fitting border the completed *sampler* was taken home in triumph to be admired and framed and appropriately hung.

And for older girls were there not select private schools where were taught muslin and lace embroideries, and painting, and polite manners? The embroideries were beautifully done, as is shown by specimens still preserved. Screen

painting must have been much in vogue at one time, and also "mourning pieces." In these latter a narrow black frame enclosed a rather imposing "monument" with names thereon inscribed. Two "mourners," a man and a woman, stood resting each one arm upon the monument, the upraised hand supporting the bowed head. These mourning pieces were placed on the walls of the best room, or guest chamber, and were held in affectionate regard.

One symbolical picture done at some very select school of early date, was called the "Tree of Life," and won my childish admiration. A tall, well-rounded tree, shaped like a horse-chestnut, was thick with foliage and bore a multitude of red and yellow "apples" each labelled with some one of the virtues, done in the finest of writing, as Truth, Love, Justice, Charity. Its top received large rays of glory streaming down from the invisible above the frame. At the bottom an angel who supposedly had flown down from this invisible with a watering pot, was watering the roots, while opposite him stood a horned devil — from somewhere, with some weapon, intent on the tree's destruction.

A school of high repute was kept by the somewhat oldish "Turner girls," Miss Sarah, Miss Susan and Miss Deborah, who taught accomplishments and the very best of manners. Their seafaring brother brought from foreign parts a sweet and lovely young bride, the sensation of the town, well-born, well-bred, delicate in appearance and skilled in wondrous foreign accomplishments,

which same were added to the attractions of the school.

These select private schools were only for those who could afford the high price of twenty-five cents a week, and even one term was considered quite a finishing off. The earlier dame schools were twelve and a half cents (ninepence) and "fire money," and they kept through the entire week, even unto Saturday night. In the more rural neighborhoods some pupils brought each daily a stick of wood.

The special dame school known to me in my early childhood, *Marm Weston's*, is still clearly pictured in my mind. The dame, rather stout, in muslin cap with full plaited border and a black ribbon band, is seated in a straight backed chair in front of a gaily flowered "copper plate" (patch) curtains which reach from the low ceiling to the floor, thereby concealing a "turnup" bed. The fireplace is across the corner of the room. It has no mantel but is bordered with blue tiles of scriptural design. The pupils, each on exceedingly movable crickets, make the room lively with their presence. The dame seldom moves from her chair, but extends herself by a very long *tingler*, when special cases so demand. The floor is unpainted, and according to a custom of the times is "sanded" with the finest of beach sand, an effective means of keeping the floor clean, as the sand ground the dirt from the shoes and from the boards. A "roundabout" chair in the farthest corner of the room was utilized as a place of punishment. Being sent there was to be "sent to Bantum."



As occasion requires the dame moves rather heavily across the room, to attend to the fire, or to a "tip-over," or perhaps to hang the tea kettle on, in preparation for a meal. The pupils come to her by ones, twos and threes, to read and spell, and at a tap of her thimble on the big Bible spread across her knees, they circle close around while she reads aloud a chapter from the Old Testament, her deep, hoarse voice having a most impressive drop at the word, "*Selah!*" School done, the children carrying their crickets gleefully out to the back room, and *Marm* prepares her meal on the small, round table.

Less kindly *Marms* there were in times more olden; *Marms*, I was told by my uncle, who kept a supply of red pepper in a handy cupboard, with which to sprinkle the tongues of children who told lies; and any who took what did not belong to them, had the hand held over hot coals and were told, "it will be hotter than that, in hell." The uncle who told me of this *Marm* told me of another who hung a bad little boy on the crane in her kitchen fireplace, presumably not in the season of fires; though old time kitchen fireplaces had ample room for one fire, and one bad little boy in the other corner.

He told me also of a very excellent half-crippled schoolmaster who had to be drawn to school in a roller cart, by the boys, whether a span, four in hand, six or a tandem, was not stated; but it is to be hoped those frisky ponies were exempt for the day from the little wooden surprises of their passenger! Unable to stir from his desk

he made himself felt at any distance by means of small *flips* which he whittled out and "sprung 'em at 'em."

A schoolmarm of my very early days, lured little girls along the paths of goodness by ribbon bows. A blue or pink or white bow pinned on the shoulder to wear home denoted high merit. The dark hues told a different story. A schoolmaster who kept the winter school in our district—a mile out—used the device of a silver locket, thin, nearly circular, somewhat hollowed toward the middle and suitably inscribed. Whoever got up to the head wore the locket home, and at school, so long as the place was kept, though usually the class was turned round at close of the week to give the other end ones a chance.

And it was a pretty long class that ranged along one side the "chimbley." Calling it chimney, would have been thought whatever is now meant by putting on airs. And, indeed, it could hardly have expected more proper mention, seeing that it stood out into the room in all its unclothed *brickery!* The enlargements on either side for the yawning fireplace were sometimes utilized as seats, and with the calls, "Mend my pen?" "May I leave my seat?" "May I go out and cut some wood?" "Set me a copy?" was heard "May I set up on the chimbley?" often with the added request, "and see who whispers?" The whispers were marked down on a slate and those getting the most marks had to stay after school.

But lockets and markings were by no means the dependence of all



our winter schoolmasters. In the old district school system some man of the neighborhood was chosen annually as school agent for the year, much education being by no means a requisite for him or for the teachers; where so little was expected beyond the three Rs and spelling, with ciphering for the back form on the boy's side, almost any man of rather more than ordinary ability could keep the three months' winter school, and so of the agent's young women acquaintances in the summer.

The school keeping of those times was chiefly that of keeping the scholars in their seats and keeping sufficient quiet for the very simple school affairs to go on. Heroic treatment was freely applied. The schoolhouse consisted of a single room with one small corner partitioned off for an entry. The forms occupied the floor, an alley between the two sides leading to the fireplace. The ages of the pupils ranged from four or five to the highest *teens*. The "little ones" roasted on the front benches before the immense fire, and the "big ones" froze in the rear, thus, as Horace Mann said, giving a living illustration of all the zones.

How sensitive are children to impressions of loveliness! The face and figure of one of those young summer teachers have never faded from my memory. Slender, fair in complexion, gentle in speech and manner, soft eyes of blue or gray, the sweetest of smiles, —her countenance is to this day framed in my mind like a picture.

But I was speaking of the schoolmasters. These were often stal-

wart Vermonters, who, out of a job, were glad to keep a winter school. As to wages, the pay was poor, but the system of "boarding round" — so many days for each pupil in the family — gave pleasing variety to the bill of fare and must often have suggested the sentiment "Here's richness!" for the table-proud housewives would naturally double up their sugar, butter, molasses, eggs and spices for the occasion, though of some poor families, said to be "slack," it was wondered how the boarder could "stand their victuals and lodgin'." An old minister, Dr. Kendall, settled in Plymouth in 1800, told me that in his college schoolkeeping days he once took his pay in spinning wheels.

The boys cut the wood into four-foot lengths, and split the big pine logs, and took turns in making the fire. The girls swept. On zero mornings when the chimblly fire made no impression on the frozen air, we were permitted to thaw our numb feet by a stamping which could not but prove effective and in which we "kept time," and advanced in knowledge by a vociferous recital of the multiplication table or of Pilgrim hymns, as

"The Pilgrim — Fathers — where are — they?

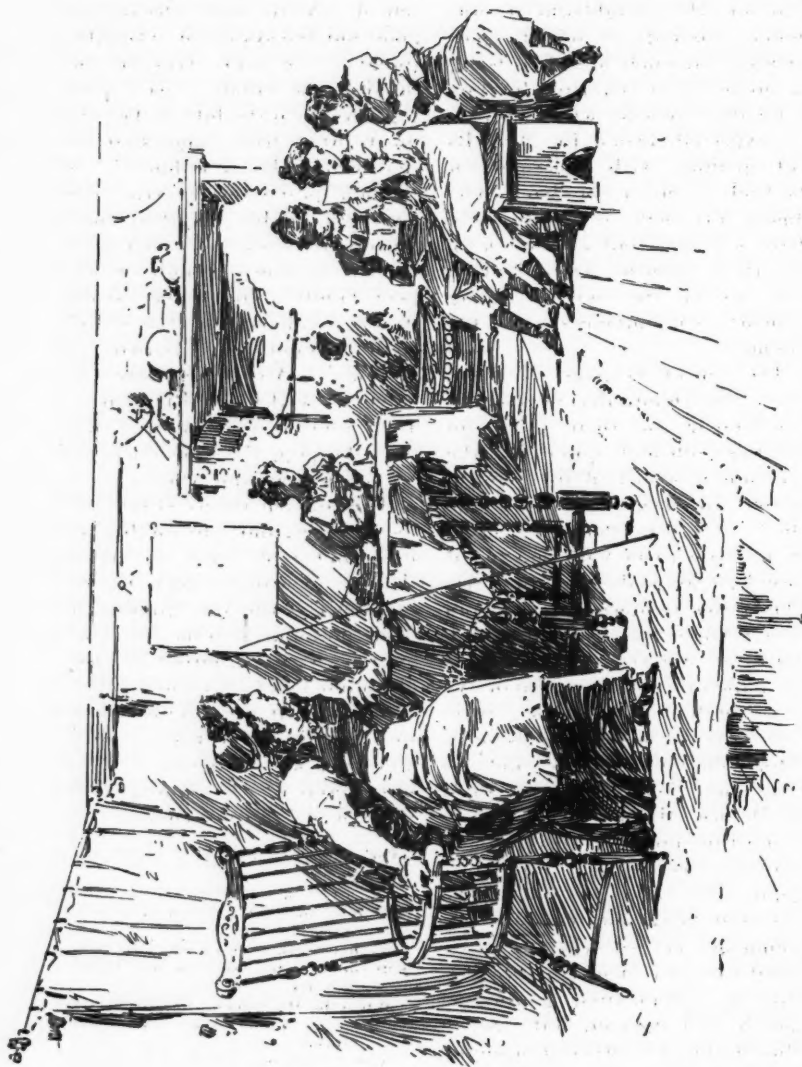
The waves that — brought them — o'er,  
Still roll — in the bay — and throw — their spray,

As they break a — long the — shore.  
Still roll — in the bay — as they rolled — that day,

When the Mayflower — moored be — low.  
The sea a — round was — black with — storms,

And — white the — shore with — snow."

The "big ones" were young men who in summers farmed it, or went to sea, availing themselves of the



THE DAME SELDOM MOVES FROM HER CHAIR, BUT EXTENDS HERSELF BY A VERY LONG "TINGLER."

idle winter months to get some learning. This latter was chiefly arithmetic, and they were always floundering deep in sums "over in the back part," so deep, indeed, as to require the master's concentrated attention. Meanwhile their extremity was the others' opportunity, and what with scuffling, whispering, pulling hair, "snickering," and throwing wads of chewed paper ("spitballs") at the ceiling and each other, dire confusion reigned. But the master had his ruler, and the swift hurling of this often arrested some youngster in his wild career, not so wild when he slowly obeyed the mild request "Will you please bring me my ruler?" and shrinkingly took the payment for his services. And the time of reckoning came when those whom the master had spotted were invited out to take a feruling. Other punishments were "sitting on air," severe ear pinchings, and making an "acting" boy or girl sit over on the opposite side, the boy among the girls, the girl among the boys. A great deal of mischief carried on under the forms was never brought to judgment.

A tall, stern, Vermont schoolmaster was abhorred because of two unheard of punishments. One was to pin on the back of a misbehavior a billet, informing his parents that he was misbehaving and needed punishment at home. One of the boys, a popular fellow, tore his off and threw it away, and his parents said they didn't blame him, which good news brought joy into the ranks. The second punishment was to kneel down before the master and ask, "*Sir,*

*will you forgive me?*" This stirred in us the glorious spirit of the Revolution! Young America was in rebellion. What! kneel down on the floor to a man? Ask forgiveness of *him*? No business to make us do that! The alternative was a good feruling, and while some of the more timorous boys shrank from the pain and dropped loosely on one knee and muttered the petition with no question point at the end, others plucked up courage and took the good feruling, and a good one it was, with hand firmly held and blows soundly laid on.

In that unfettered kind of system where percentages were unheard of and the study programme left a margin, there was room for the teacher's individuality and that originality in methods which betokens the true educator and often ensures the true education. And that true educator — how swift his recognition by those under his charge and how sure the response of heart, mind and soul to the expression of these! Of this kind was one of our winter schoolmasters, Stephen Thompson Allen. He governed simply by not governing. This attitude disarmed opposition and also left us our self respect. Perhaps we were unconsciously grateful to him for meeting us on the plane of a common intelligence. Anyway he won our obedience and our warm regard. A favorite method with him was to propose questions for debate. In debates the opposites took opposite sides of the school house. A much approved question was "Which are happiest, the rich or the poor?" We chose sides to

spell and also to recite facts. All stood up and when the turn came whoever misspelled the word or could not state a fact, sat down, or went over to the other side. The leading facts concerned the rivers, ponds, beaches and extent of Plymouth.

On the last day of Mr. Allen's school we smaller girls cried, and he himself was deeply moved. He remained our standard. The summer teacher who followed him complained that whatever method she proposed was met with, "That isn't the way Mr. Allen did!" and the next winter's teacher, a tall, slim, dark man, had finally to give up the school before the time expired because he neither did the way Mr. Allen did, nor knew any way of his own. He was dubbed "long legs" and incurred what must be terrible to bear, the contempt and ridicule of a schoolful of children.

But that summer teacher afterwards became herself a true educator, in a public school of girls, nearer town, and did this by following the good old rule, "Do as you would be done by," a rule not always followed by adults in their dealings with children. She recognized the fact that children are human beings, with hearts to feel and intelligence to perceive; and a liking for the good. Accordingly the school was turned into a conference, and teacher and pupils, in common council, decided what on the whole was best for the school.

It was settled that whispering must be ruled out and that stillness and order should be the general aim. To this end a pro-

gramme of the day's goings on was written out, time being allowed for each recitation. Midway between beginning of school and recess and between recess and close, two minutes were set off for "communication," without leaving seats. No communication whatever was to be held at any other time. The programme was pinned up at the wall end of the front form and under it were placed a small bell and the teacher's watch. The bell-ringer, chosen weekly by ballot, occupied this seat.

School began with story-reading by the teacher. The allotted time expired, a touch of the bell stopped the reading, often in the middle of a sentence, for teacher, too, must obey the common rules. As the book closed those who were to recite first walked quietly to the appointed seats. The teacher could give them her undivided attention; the others were taking care of themselves; no need of watching; they were carrying out their own rules. Thus classes went and came. When "communication" was signalled the room buzzed like a beehive. At stroke of bell the hush was instantaneous.

The time thus saved from discipline was used in making the lessons interesting and thus more profitable; illustrations could be given. In spelling, a short column of words was worked into something that made good sense, though neither story, essay nor sonnet. An interesting grammar exercise was to tell something, on paper, and let the telling use as many prepositions as we could possibly think of. One of these nar-

ratives took its hero "into the pigstye, *notwithstanding* the pigs," the immensity of this preposition creating as much applause as was thought proper.

With all thy gettings, get understanding. This wise teacher understood that nature's method is from within, out. The *inwardness* of the tree moves outwardly to expression. Sarah Stephens found ways of making us recognize in ourselves the principle of honor, thus making it as compelling as the ruling principle of a tree, and like the tree we were a law unto ourselves. We had agreed that there should be no communication whatever except at the appointed times. My seat mate and myself would not communicate by so much as a word on a slate, or even by a sign. We sometimes took notes from the teacher to her friends. They were not sealed otherwise than by our sense of honor. No doubt it was to give us a lesson in honor that Miss Stephens sometimes put on her things and went out and was gone fifteen or twenty minutes. The studying went on just the same, and the same order and quiet prevailed. This pleased us. Not for anything would we let word or motion hinder the success of our school. Truly the secret of securing right conduct is knowing how to awaken an earnest desire for it, and for those who know how, boys as well as girls furnish good working ground. As Sarah Stephens' district included too many children for one school, boys and girls were separated, though with no distinction of age. But afterwards, through my father's

persistent efforts in town meeting, the schools were arranged according to ages, and the school appropriation so increased as to allow of all year round schools and more studies and a higher grade of teachers — Mr. Allen and Sarah Stephens being exceptional — and a High School for girls established. The whole change was long and vigorously opposed, as the well off could send their children to expensive schools in Boston and elsewhere, and the poorly off said that what had been good enough for them was good enough for their children. But Horace Mann, of the State Board of Education, was then arousing the people to a sense of their educational needs, and the light he shed abroad and the echoes of his eloquence reached Old Plymouth's dingy old town-house and the benighted minds of enough of her people to secure the requisite appropriation of the needful.

My father then became interested in the establishment of normal schools and went with Horace Mann speaking to the people of Plymouth county, inspiring them with the idea of a normal school therein, and in private asking funds from wealthy citizens. Their efforts resulted in the Bridgewater Normal School, of which my father was the special patron and visitor.

Horace Mann is another of my memory pictures; a picture of a tall, rather pale, strong-faced, white-haired man, with bulging forehead, as he stood erect in our low-walled "keeping room," or sat there at table with a flock of young children. His hair was not white



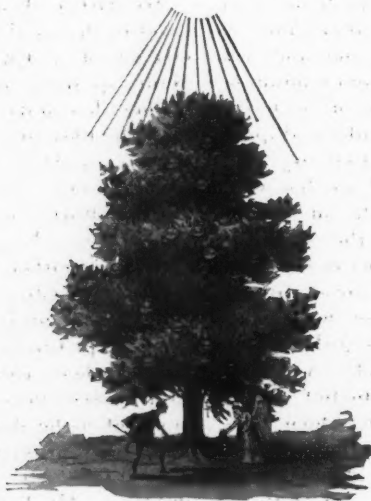
with age. It turned during the night of the death of his first wife, so he told my father.

At Plymouth has just *passed on* a respected and beloved teacher, Charles Burton, for thirty-five years superintendent of schools there, and longer than that the husband of Sarah Stephens, faithful coöperator in all his plans for a true education. During many of these years he served also as principal of the High School, which, owing to his wise methods and progressive ideas, came to be considered a model school for the state. In the lower schools he introduced nature studies and drawing from natural objects some time before the general introduction of this new education. Visitors at his home will remember his cherished collection of drawings of primary and other pupils, and the delight he took in exhibiting them. As modest as efficient, his educa-

tional work for the town, in schools and in establishing the public library, will never be fully known, still less appreciated. But Plymouth owes him a large debt of gratitude.

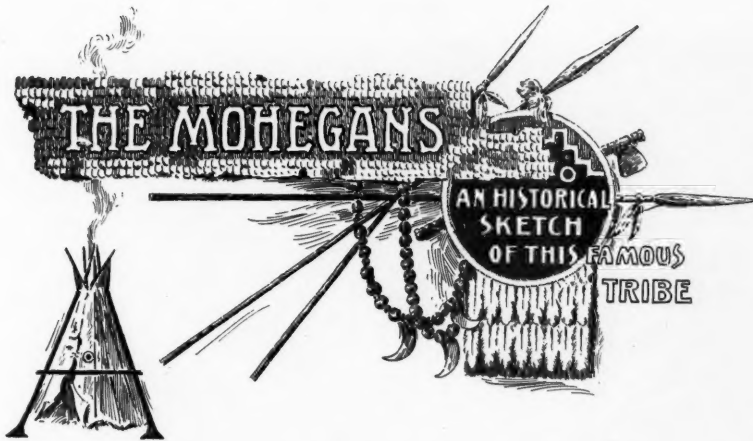
Charles Burton and others like him have helped prepare the way for that only effective education—scarcely yet dreamed of—which in the way of character shall make every possibility for good actual, and which shall develop the full powers of every child, the directions and extent to be unlimited other than by individual capacity. This includes President Eliot's idea of making every possible career open to every child. Only by a system as complete as this can we get the utmost of that *human value* which makes the true wealth of a country and gives it endurance and its standing among nations.

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



Design for sampler, representing "The Tree of Life."





BY HENRY A. BAKER.

IN the year 1705, while the queen's court of commissioners was convened at Stonington, and Capt. John Prentis testified before the court that he had surveyed and returned about three thousand acres, between the town of New London as the line formerly ran and the town line of Norwich, to nineteen different persons. It was also stated that the following persons had actually settled on the Indian fields, viz., Samuel Rogers, Sen., Samuel Rogers, Jr., Benjamin Atwell, Israel Dodge, George Le Fevre, Samuel Gilbert, James Harris, Thomas Jones, Sen., Thomas Jones, Jr., William Mynard and George Tongue. Others who had lands laid out to them were Governor Winthrop, Rev. Gurdon Saltonstall, Daniel Wetherell, John Plumb, Caleb Watson, George Denison, Charles and Jonathan Hill.

Owaneco died in 1715, at the probable age of seventy or seventy-five years. He had three sons, Josiah, Mamohet (or Mahomet as

he was afterwards called), and Cesar. Josiah and Mamohet died before their father, and Mamohet Jr., son of Mamohet, being but a child, Cesar on the death of his father assumed the sachemship.

Disputes between the Mohegans and the colony continued to disturb the reign of Cesar, and an appeal was made to the general assembly, which in 1718 appointed a commission "to view the state of the Indians living at Mohegan, and of the land they lived upon, that they might the better understand their situation and provide measures for civilizing them, and acquainting them with the truths of the gospel."

The commissioners appointed at that time were James Wadsworth, John Hooker and John Hall. They were empowered to hear and settle the complaints of the Indians, and to remove from the lands all persons who held them by no legal right. The number of Indians returned to the assembly at this time was upward of two hundred.



HE WOULD HAVE DROWNED HAD NOT THESE PERSONS, HAPPENING TO BE NEAR, PULLED HIM SENSELESS OUT OF THE WATER.

At the May session of the general assembly in 1720, the commissioners made their report, which was substantially in favor of the white claimants. Nearly every claim of the settlers was allowed, confirming the hunting grounds to Colchester and the three quarters of the sequestered lands to the several persons who had obtained deeds to them. The decision was ratified by the government of Connecticut, and thus ended the proceedings resulting from the complaints which had been made to the queen several years before.

The commissioners were further ordered by the assembly to proceed to settle a place for a meeting house in the North Parish of New London (now Montville), within which the Indians lived, and in the most suitable manner and place to cover two hundred and fifty acres of land to be laid out for a farm, to belong to the minister who should be first ordained to the ministry there, and also two hundred and fifty acres more for a parsonage.

About this time complaint was made to the government by the Indians, asserting that several of the settlers had encroached upon their lands. The governor of Connecticut summoned the chief to appear before him at New London and state their complaints. Cesar, the sachem, Ben Uncas and several of their council appeared before Governor Saltonstall, June 18, 1720, when he asked them who the persons were that had intruded upon their land? They replied that they were Stephen Maples, Jonathan Hill, Ralph Fargo, Joshua Baker, Alexander Baker

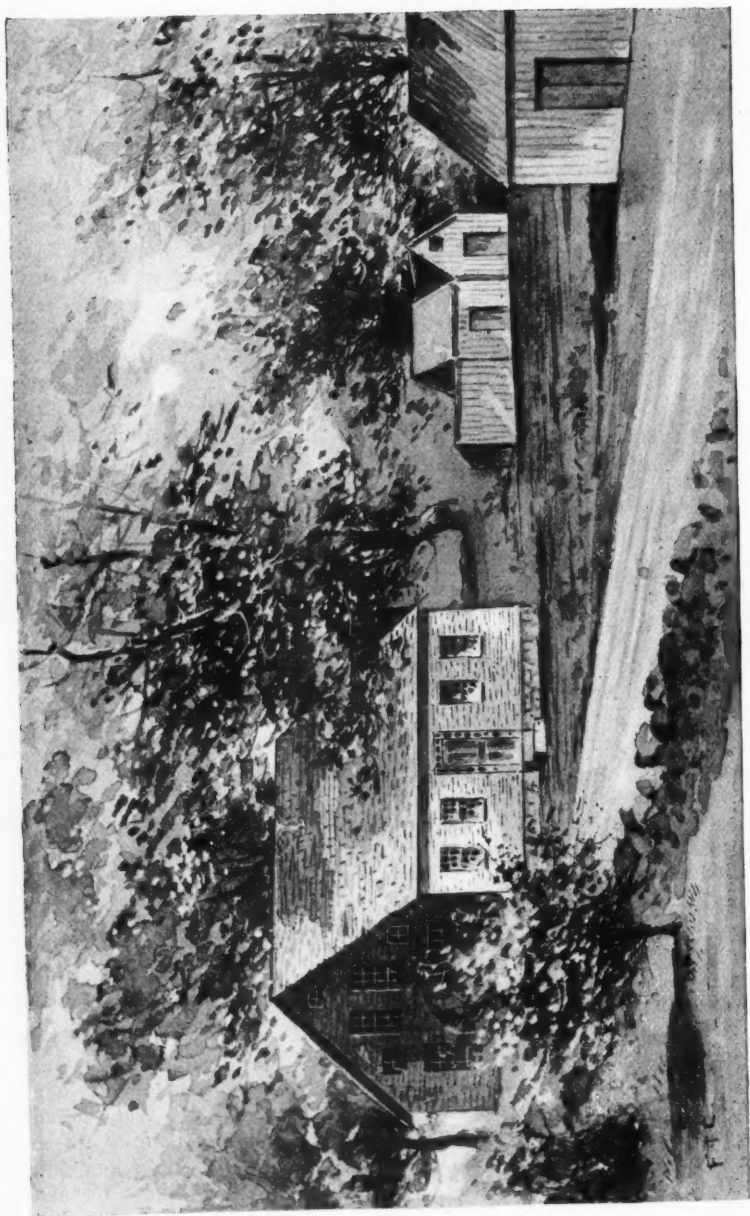
and John Nobles; and also that a sawmill had been built upon their land by Peter Mason and was then in the hands of Samuel Avery, by which means their timber was destroyed.

The governor then informed them that the persons complained of should be sent for and required to give an account of their pretended claims, which would be a preliminary step toward bringing the matter before the general court. The persons of whom complaint had been made by the Indians were accordingly notified to appear before the governor's council on the Monday after the opening of the general court in September, 1720, which day fell on the 3rd day of October, following.

All parties being present the Indians were requested first to state their complaints. Whereupon Ben Uncas, he being spokesman, declared "that the land which Jona-



than Hill held as coming from his father, did not rightfully belong to him, and that Hill had offered him and Cesar four pounds apiece to be quiet and not complain against him." To which Jonathan Hill replied, "He had offered it only for peace sake." Mr. Hill



HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN MASON RESIDED.

declined to give any account of the right he had to the land, because on a former occasion he had given his reasons to the committee appointed by the general court, and all disputed claims were thereby settled. Stephen Maples and all the other settlers complained against, refused to make any statement before the council, as they had previously shown their title to their lands to the committee, who had made no objection against them.

Upon the consideration of the complaints made by the Indians, and the answers thereto, the matter was by the council referred to the general court and was by that body acted upon by appointing James Wadsworth, John Hooker and Capt. John Hall, or any two of them, to be a committee to effect, if possible, a final settlement of the controversy pertaining to the lands which had been settled upon in the North Parish of New London.

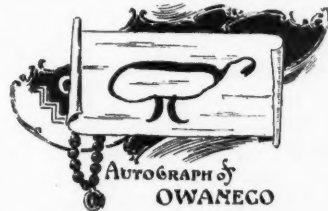
Messrs. Wadsworth and Hall accordingly met at the house of Joseph Bradford, Esq., Feb. 22, 1720-1, examined fully the matter, and decided in favor of nearly every white settler. They allowed nearly every claim presented by the English, and almost every claimant was quieted in his possessions.

The deed of trust was confirmed, and the possession of the sequestered land which remained, there being from four to five thousand acres, settled upon the Mohegan tribe of Indians as long as a single one of them should remain in existence, and the reversion settled upon the town. All the court

grants were ratified, the purchase of John Livingston, Robert Denison, Samuel Rogers and James Harris made in 1710, and in general all Indian engagements made previous to 1710. This decision of the committee was ratified by the general court and thus ended the long, tedious controversies.

Cesar the sachem, and the third in the royal line from Uncas, died in 1723, after having for eight years assumed the sachemship of the Mohegans.

The rightful heir to the crown, now as before, was Mamohet, the grandson of Owaneco by his eldest



son, Mamohet, Sen. Young Mamohet being still a youth, or at most quite a young man, advantage was taken of him on that account to deprive him of his legal rights to the sachemship. Ben Uncas, youngest brother of Owaneco, and who is said to have been an illegitimate son of Uncas the first, must have been an old man, yet not old enough, it appears, to bar, in his own estimation, his claim to the royal honor and the power thereby attached. Consequently upon the death of Cesar, Ben became a competitor with Mamohet for the sachemship, and even threatened, as was reported, the life of his opponent.

A council of the tribe was called, and the claims of the two





MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF UNCAS.

rivals were discussed, and disputed for several days, and at last a decision was made in favor of Ben. The general court approved the choice, as did also John Mason. Major Ben Uncas, as he was then commonly called, was therefore crowned Sachem of Mohegan, and his installation was conducted under the supervision of the government. The governor appointed two persons having an understanding of the manner of the ceremonies and the language of the Indians, to be present and to signify the concurrence of the government and to keep order among the Indians during the occasion.

The controversy respecting the Mohegan land, which was supposed to have been forever settled in 1721, very soon revived. John Mason appears not to have been satisfied with the decision then made. He had been to great ex-

pense, he said, in pursuing the claims of the Indians before the courts. He stated that the charges of the queen's commission held at Stonington in 1705 was £573, 12s., 8d., part of which he had already paid and for the remainder had made himself responsible.

Mason, as guardian of the Indians, had stood responsible for their proportion of the charges of the commission, supposing that either the lands which had been so recklessly conveyed in Colchester and other places would be returned to the tribe or an equivalent paid for it, which would enable them to pay him the amount he had advanced for them; but all hope being crushed by the decision of the committee in 1721 Mason seems to have resolved upon an appeal for justice to the general court, and in 1722, applied for copies of the proceedings rela-



tive to lands of the Mohegans, and in October of the following year presented a memorial of his grievance, and a petition for redress, with the request that he might again have the care of the Mohegans and their lands, with permission to live among them and cultivate such lands as they were willing to assign him. The court, however, took no notice of his memorial, at first, but afterwards granted his request to live among them. He was authorized to take charge of the affairs of the Indians, and was requested to set up a school among them and to make them acquainted with the nature of the Christian religion.

Ben Uncas, his council and tribe then chose Captain Mason their overseer, and confirmed the office to him and to his heirs forever, granting him permission to live among them, and also a tract of land for his own. Captain Mason accordingly moved from his former home in Stonington to Mohegan, built him a house and improved the land allotted to him, and for several years acted as their teacher,\* the general court at times granting him small sums as a compensation for his services.

He still complained, however, of the injustice of being obliged to pay all the costs of a court which the colony had refused to accept, and being unwilling, and probably now unable, to extort so large a sum from the tribe, he made another effort to obtain it from the colony. In May, 1725, a second memorial was presented, asking that either the decision of the

queen's commission be fulfilled or some other method taken to liquidate the expenses thereby incurred, as well as the losses he had sustained by waiting twenty years.

On this memorial a committee was appointed which made its report in the May of the following year. Objection was made to his charges, and the committee also brought up against him the resignation of the trusteeship of the Mohegan lands made in 1710, and the one thousand pounds which were paid by the colony to those persons who claimed lands of him, but were rejected by the committee. The report was accepted by the general court and the petition denied.

John Mason succeeded in gaining over the greater part of them to his side, which circumstance made the sachem more strongly opposed to him and as anxious to defeat his influence as the colony could desire. Through the terminal efforts of the sachem by presenting memorials to the general court, he at last succeeded in obtaining the removal of Mason as guardian of the Indians. Finding the sachem bitterly opposed to him Mason came out in support of the claims of Mamohet to the sachemship, and succeeded in getting a large part of the tribe to adhere to him.

In 1730 the guardians, being James Wadsworth, Stephen Whitteley and Samuel Lynde, were authorized by the general court to lease the Indian lands to white settlers who might desire to improve them, the rents to be received by Ben Uncas, in right of his dignity as sachem. Two years

\* The house that Captain John Mason then built is still standing on the land granted to him, and is now owned by one of his relatives through the Fitch line.

afterwards the guardians were empowered to prosecute those tenants who refused to quit possession of the lands when their leases had expired. It had been previously enacted that persons holding lands on the tract sequestered to the Mohegans by John Mason in 1671, should not be allowed to plead even fifteen years' possession of their claims, but should still hold them merely as tenants of the Indians, unless they could prove a legal title and the lands to have been fairly purchased.

In 1735, John Mason with his son, Samuel Mason, and Mamohet sailed for England with a determination of presenting a memorial of his grievances concerning the land question to the king, George the Second. The king received his memorial and referred it to the lords. They reported that an order of review of the case had been given in 1706, and proposed that another should now be granted, the expense of which, out of consideration for the poverty of the tribe, should be paid by the crown. Before the commission was made out, John Mason died in England. A few weeks later he was followed to the grave by Mamohet.

A few months previous to the death of Mamohet the Mohegans, while holding one of their dances, took a vote whether Mamohet or Ben Uncas was their true sachem, and had decided unanimously in favor of Mamohet. On hearing of the death of Mamohet the tribe set up in his place John Uncas, a cousin of Ben, the sachem, and son of that John who was the next oldest brother to Owaneco.

Out of about a hundred men of the tribe only about a dozen re-

mained firm in allegiance to Ben Uncas. These two parties drew up and signed petitions in favor of their respective choice. A long and hot controversy was carried on for several years respecting the rightful claimant to the sachemship, upon which hinged the question as to the rights of the settlers to the lands on which they had located. If Ben Uncas could retain the name and authority of the office he might perhaps render void the proceedings of the proposed commission, which had recently been made up in England to review the unsettled affairs of the Mohegans, by refusing to acknowledge Samuel Mason as the agent of the tribe, and by declaring that the Indians had no cause of complaint against the colony.

The majority of the Indians were indeed opposed to Ben Uncas, but a favorable opportunity was now offered to induce them to acknowledge his title to the office. A report was abroad that some of the Eastern Indians were about to attack them, and the Mohegans therefore applied to the government for protection. The governor replied that he would protect none but their lawful sachem, Ben Uncas, and those Indians who would submit to his government.

A paper acknowledging Ben as the true sachem was therefore drawn up and presented for the signatures of those who on this condition would accept the protection of the government, and fifty-eight Indians signed it, thereby saying that they were willing to relinquish their former opinions for the sake of peace and protection.

The meeting of the commission

being near at hand, John Richards, then one of the guardians of the Indians, was ordered to provide Ben Uncas with proper clothing to appear before the commissioners. On the fourth day of June, 1738, the commission, nine in number, convened at Norwich — Philip Cortlandt and Daniel Horsmanden of New York, and the governor and six assistants of Rhode Island. All persons interested were summoned to appear before the crown's commission, and be heard. Each party in interest had their counsel to present their case and call witnesses.

When the chief sachem was called, Ben in his dignity arose and stated that he was chief sachem of the Mohegans, and legally held the title. John Uncas immediately followed and asserted that he was chief sachem. The commissioners decided to settle this point before proceeding further, and several persons were called and examined as to which of the two claimants in their opinion was the true one. They all testified that John Uncas was descended from the second son of Old Uncas, that Ben was descended from a younger son who was supposed to be illegitimate, that consequently John was the true and lawful sachem of Mohegan.

Upon hearing this testimony the Rhode Island commissioners, who seemed inclined to favor the colony, expressed themselves as still unsatisfied; whereupon the attorneys for the Mohegans, secured by Mason, at once proposed that the Indians who were present be brought forward as witnesses. This proposition being put to a

vote, a majority of the commissioners decided against it.

The court continued several days, and witnesses were examined *pro* and *con*; and in the final summing up of the matter, on the seventeenth day after the opening of the commission, all the evidence having been finished and the pleas heard, the commission pronounced their decision in favor of the colony and Ben Uncas.

An appeal was then taken by the counsel for John Uncas, to the king's privy council. The cause was at last tried and finally settled in England, July 6, 1766, in favor of the colony.

It has been already mentioned that, about 1733, John Mason, by the request of the Mohegans, moved from Stonington and settled on their land, and for several years acted as school teacher among them. A schoolhouse twenty-two feet long and sixteen feet wide was by the general court ordered to be built for them, and to be paid for out of the colonial treasury. All persons having Indian children in their families were required to teach them the common English branches and to instruct them in the Christian faith.

About this time a minister named Jonathan Barber was sent among the Mohegans by the agents of a missionary society established in England with a view to evangelize and spread the gospel among the Indians of North America.

Indulgence by the Indians in the use of intoxicating liquors had at this time become quite prevalent, and was found to be a great hindrance in the attempt to

Christianize them, and the evil was so extensive that some of the Indians themselves began to be alarmed. Severe laws were enacted regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors to the several tribes of Indians in the colony, but little heed was paid to them, rum being brought among the Indians by the gallon and cider by the barrel, in defiance of law. The Indians were as anxious to get it as the white people were to furnish it, and it was difficult to induce an Indian to inform against those who enabled them to procure their favorite beverage.

At the session of the general court of Connecticut held October, 1733, a law was passed, being framed particularly for the benefit of the Mohegans, upon the petition of Ben Uncas the sachem. It was headed as follows : —

*"An Act for the more effectual Preventing the Selling Strong Drink to the Mohegan Indians."*

"WHEREAS, Ben Uncas, sachem of said Indians, has complained to this assembly that notwithstanding the laws now in force to prevent selling strong drink to the Indians, there is now continually much strong drink sold to the Mohegans, by means whereof their estates are impoverished, their manners debauched, and themselves rendered more untractable to receive the Christian faith; for remedy whereof" —

Then follows the enactment, which was very stringent, and the

penalty was upon conviction a forfeiture of the liquor seized and the seller to forfeit to the informant twice the value of the liquor taken.

As early as 1736 Ben Uncas made a declaration that he had embraced the Christian religion. When this event was known to the assembly, the members of that body expressed themselves much gratified, and resolved to encourage the chief in so good a course. They thereupon passed a resolution desiring the governor "to present him at the public expense with a hat and coat in the English style, and his wife Ann with a gown."



(To be continued.)

## HOW WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY WAS MADE A HOLIDAY.

IN these days when there are so many clubs, literary and scientific societies in our different cities, by the means of which those who are given to almost any pursuit can find congenial companionship, it is hard to realize the power which the Mercantile Library Association wielded in its palmy days. Half a century ago, it was at the height of its fame and influence. Its winter course of lectures was looked forward to more eagerly than the symphony concerts are now, and the lecturers included such men as Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Wendell Phillips, George W. Curtis, Rufus Choate and G. S. Hilliard.

The tickets were so eagerly bought by all classes of people, that in 1854, when it was announced that the sale would take place for the course of that winter, so dense was the crowd that gathered in front of the building on Bromfield Street where the Mercantile Rooms then were, that there was no way of exit for the purchasers but through a back window and down a ladder to the street.

During the winter of 1855-56, Mr. Charles G. Chase, who was then chairman of the lecture committee, had proposed that the Association should celebrate the anniversary of Washington's birthday by an oration and appropriate exercises, and to further this plan, he had conceived the idea of applying to the state legislature to

make the day a holiday. Governor Gardner, who had been elected by the then recently organized "Know Nothing" party, was waited upon by a committee from the Association, and easily induced by the patriotic nature of their request, to recommend to the legislature that the twenty-second of February be appointed a legal holiday.



CHARLES G. CHASE.  
*Photo. taken in 1856.*

The next question was to secure an orator for the occasion. An invitation was extended to George William Curtis to deliver the lecture, and from the autograph letters in my possession the following is copied which is interesting as showing the opinion entertained of Bancroft by Bostonians:—

NEWPORT, Sept. 8th, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR: I was very sorry to miss you both here and in New York,—and to say that I cannot accept your very kind invitation to lecture before the Mercantile

Ode for Washington's Birthday  
Feb. 22<sup>d</sup> 1856.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

---

Welcome to the day returning,  
Dearer still as ages flow,  
While the torch of Faith is burning,  
Long as Freedom's altars glow!  
See the Hero that it gave us  
Lumbering on a mother's breast;  
For the arm he stretched to save us  
Be it more forever blest!

Hear the tale of youthful glory,  
While of Britain's rescued band  
Friend and foe repeat the story,  
Spreads his pennon o'er sea and land,  
Where the red cross, proudly streaming  
Flaps above the pirate's deck,  
Where the golden lilies, gleaming,  
Star the watch-tower of Zuber



Look! The shadows on the shore  
Mark the hour of death's steps;  
Days of tears, years of toil  
Lance a nation into life.  
Lo, the youth, become her leader!  
All her baffled tyrants gild;  
Through his arm the iron death-hood  
Cover him on the tented field!

Yin is Empire's mad temptation;  
Not for him an earthly crown!  
He whose sword hath freed a nation  
Stikes the offered vestre down.  
See the thousand Congresses seated,  
Ruled by a People's voice;  
See the Patriotic' track impled;  
Hear the Father's dying voice:

"By the name that you inherit,  
By the sufferings you recall,  
Cherish the paternal spirit;

Love your country first of all!  
Lest not to idle questions

Of its bands may be untied;  
Doubt the patriot whose suggestion

Whisper that its props may slide

Father! We whose ears have tingled  
With the words of doubt and shame,  
We, whose eyes their blood have mingled

In the battle's thunder - Home,  
Gathering, while this holy morning  
Lepid the land from sea to sea,  
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning;

Trust us, while we know thee!

Jennyside Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> 1855

Charles G. Chase Esq

Dear Sir,

I beg you to assure the Mercantile Library Association of Boston that I feel deeply and gratefully sensible of the honor and kindness they have done me by their cordial invitation to be present when Mr Edward Everett delivers his oration before them in celebration of the Birth day of Washington

I regret to say, however, that the state of my health prevents my venturing so far from home in the present inclement season

With many thanks for the kind expressions with which you have accompanied the invitation

I remain Dear Sir very respectfully

Your obedient servant

Washington Irving

FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Library in Boston. I shall prepare no new lectures this year except those for the Lowell Institute.

Mr. Bancroft will not come, I am very sure. I have talked with him a great deal about it; but, beside that he is now so busy with his history, he has gone to the South to be absent for some time. I think that a little later, after some three or four years, he might not be unwilling to come. But he

knows too well that the Boston of to-day is no friend of his.

I am very sorry that I cannot accept nor persuade Mr. Bancroft to do so. But I beg you to command me in every way, and believe me

Truly yours,  
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

William H. Seward was also invited and to Charles Sumner he wrote a pithy letter concerning the invitation:—

Dear Sir,

I hear Storm

was unable to come

Now I have a plan  
to propose to you -

Let me off from

Lecturing & give him the  
evening I was to have filled -

That will suit all toward

me, him & the audience

Let me hear from you -

Yours truly

Wendell Phillips

Dec 27 '77

A. G. Thayer Esq.

Washington 28th Dec. '77

Dear Sir,

I did not telegraph you  
in reply to your message, be-  
cause I had nothing to say. I  
knew that it was a "five-  
year anchorage" with Lewis,  
not to speak in Boston; there  
I spent him. Lewis was  
a note in which he de-  
clined. You can fill him by  
some positive words -  
tell. He is his father's

expenses limited to you  
personally.

Faithfully Yours,  
Charles Sumner

# CELEBRATION

OF THE BIRTH

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY.

WASHINGTON,

Severance Library Association.

FEBRUARY 22, 1860.

## Order of Exercises.

### PRAYER.

By Rev. George W. Blagden, D. D.

### II.

### ODE.

Written for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Music composed by CHARLES C. HARRIS.

Welcome to the day returning,  
Dearest still as ages flow  
While the torch of Faith is burning.

Long as Freedom's altars glow  
See the Hero that it gave us  
Slumbering on a mother's breast  
For the arm he stretched to save us,  
Be its morn forever blest!

Hear the tale of youthful glory,  
While of Britain's rescued band  
Friend and foe repeat the story.  
Spread his fame o'er sea and land,  
Where the red cross, proudly streaming,  
Flaps above the frigate's deck.  
Where the golden lilies, gleaming,  
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

Look! The shadow on the dial  
Marks the hour of deathlier strife;  
Days of terror, years of trial  
Scourge a nation into life.

Lo, the youth, become her leader!  
All her baffled tyrants yield;  
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her;  
Crown him on the tented field!

Vain is Empire's mad temptation;  
Not for him an earthly crown!  
He whose sword hath freed a nation,  
Strikes the offered sceptre down.

See the throneless Conqueror seated,  
Ruler by a people's choice;  
See the Patriot's task completed,  
Hear the Father's dying voice!

By the name that you inherit,  
By the sufferings you recall,  
Cherish the fraternal spirit,  
Love your country first of all!

Listen not to idle questions  
If its hands may be united;  
Doubt the patriot whose suggestions  
Whisper that its props may slide!

Father! We, whose ears have tingled  
With the discord-notes of shame;  
We, whose sires their blood have mingled  
In the battle's thunder flame;

Gathering, while this holy morning  
Lights the land from sea to sea,  
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning;  
Trust us, while we honor thee!

### III.

### ORATION.

By Hon. EDWARD EVERETT,  
ON THE CHARACTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Wash. Post 23 Dec. 84.

FACSIMILE OF PROGRAMME OF ORDER OF EXERCISES. (REDUCED.)

Sunday Morning.

Thanks, my dear Sumner, for your Plymouth remarks, which are very native and just, and for the new programme of the Pilgrim celebration.

I don't know what your telegraphic dispatch refers to, or rather in whose behalf the application comes, but I can't speak in Boston to anybody on any account. They have Moses and the prophets *there*. Let them hear them.

Very truly yours,

WM. H. SEWARD.

*The Hon. Charles Sumner.*

Hon. Edward Everett had for some time been solicited to deliver a course of lectures this winter, but for reasons which did not appear sufficiently plausible at the time, though they afterward commended themselves, he declined, stating that he had had for some time in his mind, the idea of delivering a lecture on the life and character of Washington. The committee now saw their chance, and through their chairman, Mr. Chase, said, "Suppose it could be brought about that Washington's birthday should be publicly observed, and that your lecture could be delivered on that occasion, as a part of the celebration?" This proposal met with the approbation of Mr. Everett, and he engaged on such conditions to deliver the lecture, accepting in the following letter:—

SUMMER ST.,

15th October, 1855.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your favor of the 11th instant, acquainting me with the intention of the Mercantile Library Association to celebrate the next anni-

versary of the birthday of Washington, and requesting me to deliver an oration on the occasion.

You are aware of the circumstances which have led me to decline almost all invitations to deliver public addresses. They have compelled me to excuse myself, the present year, from taking part in your annual course of lectures, as in very many others. But your present call is of a peculiar and highly interesting character. The purpose of the young gentlemen of your association to celebrate the birthday of the Father of his Country, as indicated in your letter, is so commendable, and so well calculated to strengthen the foundations of an enlightened patriotism, that I feel as if I should do wrong to withhold my participation. There is the greater propriety in selecting the next anniversary for such a celebration, as the first visit of Washington to Boston was made in the last week of February, 1756—just a century ago next winter.

I shall have much pleasure in complying with your request, and I remain, gentlemen, with deep interest in the prosperity of your Association and friendly regards individually towards yourselves,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

The next step in making up a programme for the occasion, was the securing of an ode. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was elected for the task, and, as the agitation in regard to the dissolution of the Union had already begun, and as the young men who composed the Association were desirous in every way to counter-

act this rising tendency, they particularly requested Dr. Holmes to "make it a Union one." The Doctor gladly complied, and in this connection, I find the following rather interesting autograph letter, announcing that it was finished:—

8 MONTGOMERY PLACE,  
Feb. 13th, 1856.

DEAR SIR: My ode has been finished some time and in Mr. Perkins' hands, who has composed the music for it and had it rehearsed. I supposed it was to be printed, as is commonly done, and distributed to the audience or placed in the seats. If this is to be done, it should be done very soon, and I wait your pleasure in the matter. I think they commonly print on a sheet about the size of this, in some such way as your announcement was in the paper—thus:

Exercises for the Celebration, etc.

Prayer by Rev. — — —

Ode by O. W. H.

— — — — —	fly
— — — — —	sky
— — — — —	love
— — — — —	dove

Oration by Hon. — — —

Yours very truly,  
O. W. HOLMES.

Mr. Everett had declined to receive any compensation for his service, and as the committee wished to procure some lasting memorial of this occasion, they concluded to sell the tickets at one dollar each, and use a part of the money obtained through this means, to purchase a copy by the artist Hoit of Stuart's "Washington." This was to be placed on

the platform at the left and a little behind Mr. Everett.

There had been some little discussion between the orator, the odist and the committee, as to just the precise moment when this picture should be unveiled, Dr. Holmes having a desire that the face of Washington should shine forth upon the audience as the words

"Crown him on the tented field"

were sung, while Mr. Everett held that the proper time to draw the curtain from the face of the portrait, was at the delivery of a certain passage which he had planned in his oration for that moment. However, the matter was amicably adjusted, and the members of the Orpheus Glee Club, then under the leadership of Mr. Kreismann, were carefully drilled in singing the ode to music arranged by Mr. Charles C. Perkins.

The day itself was an unusually fine one, but the principal interest centred in the celebration in the evening, which was to take place in the Music Hall, where at the appointed time there was gathered the finest audience which Boston has ever witnessed. The hall had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, and around the galleries were hung portraits of eminent men, which had been loaned from public and private parties, while entwined among these were beautiful hangings interwoven with flags of our country. The front of the platform was crowded with the most noted men of Boston, and the lights flashed down upon a brilliant gathering, "embracing," as a report says, "an unusually large number of gentlemen of



strong intellect and elegant culture."

Upon a platform directly in front of the organ, were the musicians. To the left were the Germania Band and the Glee Club, while just at the right of the statue of Beethoven, was the orator of the occasion, who stood a little to one side of the veiled picture.

The order of exercises, of which a fac-simile copy is given, commenced with a prayer by Rev. George W. Blagden, after which Dr. Holmes' ode was sung, and, as the patriotic lines swelled forth from this powerful chorus, accompanied by the Germania Band,

"Listen not to idle questions,  
If its bands may be untied,"

many significant glances were exchanged by politicians on the platform and in every part of the house, for the country was just on the eve of a civil war, and patriots were questioning what would be the outcome of the mutual recriminations which were passing between the North and the South. Later on in the exercises, were read some letters which well illustrated the feelings pervading the hearts of the people, those of Henry A. Wise and Franklin Pierce showing the sentiment of that large class who wished for compromise and peace, while Charles Sumner, in his letter, deals boldly and vigorously with the slavery question, and plants himself squarely on one side of the issue:—

ONLY, NEAR ONANCOCK, VA.,  
Nov. 11th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of the 2nd inst. was awaiting my arrival at home, yesterday, from a temporary absence at Washington City.

I gratefully acknowledge the compliment of your invitation to deliver one of a course of lectures during the present winter, before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston.

I am well assured of the highly respectable character and of the laudable objects of your literary association, and no body of the kind could have been more honored than you have been by the illustrious orators and statesmen who have shed upon your lectures the lights of their great minds. I have no doubt, too, of the "cordial welcome" I would receive from "very many" of your hospitable citizens; but it is not in my power, gentlemen, to accept your invitation. The situation of my private affairs and the duty of preparing for months to come, for new scenes of public service, will engross all my time and attention the whole of the coming winter. I have been compelled to decline every call of the same kind from many quarters in my own state and other states besides yours.

I sincerely regret this the more because I have *never yet set my foot* on the beloved soil of my country called New England. This has not been owing to any antagonism on my part towards that favored section. Massachusetts, especially, I have been taught to venerate and cherish as the elder sister of Virginia. When I reflect upon their attitudes and relations in the darkness and gloom of the night of Revolution; when I listen to their hails, sister to sister—Virginia to Massachusetts—in "the times which tried men's souls"; when I watch the fires kindling on the heights of

Boston, and see Virginia going forth across the rivers and over the land, by the sea, leading her best beloved son by the hand, dripping blood and tears at every step there and back, leaving *him* there on post to guard your very city and make the oppressors evacuate it!—and when I contrast this picture with the present state of things in our confederacy which makes you assure me “that the feelings of the people of Massachusetts towards my state are not those of antagonism,” I gush forth in anguish and ask, Why a necessity for such assurance?—why any antagonism between these two devoted patriot states of Hancock and Washington? May God in mercy and in love guide them as of yore! May they ever be cemented in unison by the blood of the Revolution! And whenever another night of gloom and trial shall come may they hail and cheer each other on again to victory for civil and religious liberty!!

Yours truly,

HENRY A. WISE.

WASHINGTON, 19th Feb., 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have been honored by your invitation to be with the Mercantile Library Association on the 22nd Feb. next. You know well the happiness I find in any coöperation with the young men of that Association, and I need not assure you of the gratification with which I should participate in any services calculated to exalt the example of Washington.

Particularly at this moment should it be invoked, when the republic which he helped to found seems to shake with the first throes of civil war, engendered by

an interest which was condemned by him during life and formally abjured by him at his death. His great name should now be employed for the suppression of that slave power, which is the fruitful mother of so much wretchedness. It will not be enough to quote his paternal words for union. His example must be arrayed against the gigantic wrong which now disturbs this Union to its centre, and which, in the madness of its tyranny, destroys the very objects of union.

The play of Othello without the part of Othello would be a barren spectacle, and the example of Washington without his testimony against the malevolent force which now disturbs the republic, would be hardly less barren. Let the young men of Boston be encouraged to dwell on those sentiments and acts, which, while they elevate his name, apply with prevailing power to the existing state of things among us. Let them bear in mind that he declared it to be “*among his first wishes* to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be *abolished by law*”; that to promote this purpose he expressed a desire in a recorded interview with a distinguished foreigner for the formation of an anti-slavery society; that on many occasions he condemned slavery; that in congratulations to Lafayette on his purchase of a plantation with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, he exclaimed, “Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country”; and that, finally, by his last will and

testament, written within one year of his death, he bore his practical testimony to those ideas and aspirations, by the emancipation of his slaves.

With these things taken to heart the example of Washington will exert its just conservative influence over the country, holding it back from the extension of that evil against which he set himself, and arousing the general sentiment to repulse the aggressions which now threaten civil war. Then, indeed, will the Father of His Country, though dead, yet speak.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I duly received your letter of the 31st ult., inviting me in the name of the members of the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, to join with them in celebrating the approaching birthday of Washington. It would be most grateful to me to listen to the instructive thoughts and eloquent words, which will on this occasion be addressed to the Association, but this, of course, will not be in my power.

I honor the purpose of rendering the tribute of your affectionate reverence to the memory of him, who was the hero of our independence, the statesman of the Revolution, the foremost among the founders of the American Union. He lived the leader and the guide of our fathers: he died to become the type of greatness to us and to our posterity. It is no fabulous glory, which surrounds his name; his are no doubtful lineaments delusively magnified to the eye in

the dim obscurity of antiquity. He stands before us in the clear light of history, with all his faultless proportions of mind as of person distinctly visible.

Whether in war at the head of armies or in peace at that of cabinets; whether in the exercise of public authority or in the calm scenes of coveted retirement; his entire life, military and civil, public and private, is one long lesson of wisdom and of instruction to his country. His career possesses a completeness, his character a dignity of style, his fame a noble symmetry, which will cause him in all time to stand forth as the representative man of this republic and the model patriot of the world.

If the people of every state and territory of the confederation — fathers and mothers, sons and daughters — would assemble annually on the twenty-second of February in their respective cities and towns and hamlets, and listen to the farewell address of the Father of his Country, it would, in my judgment, accomplish more in the way of awakening a deep sense of constitutional duty, of settling questions of moral obligation in relation thereto, of eradicating sectional prejudice, of dissipating errors of sentiment and opinion and of ensuring security and perpetuity to the blessings which we enjoy, than any other instrumentality which man's wisdom can devise.

In pausing for a day, as you propose, to dwell upon the great life of Washington and to call to mind all the patriotism which by act and by speech he inculcated, you cannot fail to refresh the love of

country in your breasts and to feel your own hearts swell, as his, through life, never ceased to do, with a devotion to the common weal, not narrowly confined to place or section, but coextensive with the broad limits of the Union.

With my best wishes for the usefulness and enjoyment of your gathering,

I am, gentlemen,  
Your obliged friend and servant,  
FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Perhaps the most impressive moment in the whole celebration was when Mr. Everett, as the last notes of the ode died away, rose in the centre of the platform and turning back, regarded for a moment the portrait behind him, then slowly and gracefully, with his hand raised, a position familiar to all those who remember to have heard him, turned toward the vast audience of more than three thousand persons, and commenced his oration, which lasted for two hours, during which time the orator never once referred to his manuscript, or allowed the attention of his audience to flag.

The oration itself was a masterpiece, and, delivered as it was in Mr. Everett's inimitable style of oratory, made an impression such as never could be effaced from the memory of the hearer. It was afterwards repeated by him in many other cities of the United States. From the sale of the tickets in the various cities and towns where he delivered it, there was raised a sum of \$75,000 for the purchase of Mt. Vernon, besides adding, as Mr. Everett's biographer states, "another polished stone to the already lofty

monument of his fame, and producing an oration from which no one of his previous efforts shall bear away the palm." Of interest in this connection, is the report contained the next day but one afterward, in the Boston *Herald*, for the paper gave a holiday to its employees on the 22d, so that there was no paper published the next morning:—

"The day was generally observed by all classes. The merry ringing of the bells sounded joyously; the booming of the cannon in the early morning broke the slumbers of young and old, and roused thousands to the appreciation of the fact before unknown, that there is a great deal of beauty even in a winter morning. The people employed in the *Herald* establishment enjoyed a brief holiday, some of the evening papers made a pretence of observing the anniversary by the intermission of one edition, while the organ of the 'Know Nothings' and the official journal of the state, which has been brawling lustily for the last month or two about the duty of observing the 22d, and which constituted itself in fact the champion of the day as the National Anniversary, manifested its consistency and patriotism at the same time by working all day and evening and keeping all its employees at work. They did not pay as much respect for the 22d of February as for the 25th of December, which is peculiarly a Catholic holiday and is not recognized by New England Protestantism. It censured the Senate for want of patriotism, and did worse in regard to the day than the Senate ever dreamed of doing."

WALTER G. CHASE.

## PROGRESS OF THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE IN MASSACHUSETTS DURING THE PAST 274 YEARS.

BY ARTHUR WELLINGTON BRAYLEY.

### CHAPTER V.

I HAVE mentioned that the question of labor and capital, or as it was designated at that time, labor and wages, was a constant care of the legislature. The nucleus of the colony were workers. In fact the leaders were well aware that idleness meant ruin to all. Before the town was formed or the colony fairly organized the English company or adventurers bade them in the following words take heed to industry :—

“We may not omit out of zeal for the general good, once more to put you in mind to be very circumspect, in the infancy of the plantation, to settle some good orders whereby all persons resident upon our plantation may apply themselves to one calling or other, and no idle drone be permitted to live amongst us, which if you take care now to first establish, will be an undoubted means, through God’s assistance, to prevent a world of disorder.”

And with all the rigor of the law to secure a conformity to the principle of industry, it is ordered, Oct. 1, 1633, that “No person, householder or other, shall spend his time idly or unprofitably, under pain of such punishment as the court shall think meet to inflict.”

Winthrop was ever ready with

word and example to encourage thrift. Whenever time would permit he was in the field or in some way assisting his servants. He never would excuse idleness in any form. The effect of this example caused a contemporaneous narrator to exclaim that “There was not a loafer to be found in the whole plantation.”

The great industry of the state was necessarily manufacturing, commercial and agricultural, and we are compelled to admit that the long and serious orders of the law makers, although injudicious in the matter of controlling prices and wages, were beneficial to the youth and consequently to the future greatness of the state. Safeguards were thrown around the young so that even if the parents were careless their children were brought up properly educated and employed. Each boy and girl was a child of the state, over whom the court ever kept a watchful eye. On Jan. 14, 1642, is recorded the following :—

“This court, taking into consideration the great neglect of many parents and masters in training up their children in learning and labor and other employments which may be profitable to the commonwealth, do hereupon order and decree that in every town the chosen men appointed for man-



aging the prudential affairs of the same shall henceforth stand charged with the care of the redress of this evil, so as they shall be sufficiently punished by fines for the neglect thereof, upon presentation of the grand jury or other information or complaint in any court within this jurisdiction; and for this end they or the greater number of them shall have to take account from time to time of all parents and masters, and of the children, concerning the calling and employment of the children, especially of their ability to read and understand the principle of religion and the capital laws of this country, and to impose fines upon all such as refuse to render such account to them when they shall be required.

"They are to take care of such as are set to keep cattle, that they be set to some other employment, withal, as spinning upon the rack, knitting, weaving tape, etc., and that boys and girls be not suffered to converse together so as may occasion any wanton dishonor or immodest behavior. And for the better performance of this trust committed to them, they may divide the town amongst them, appointing to every of the said townsmen a certain number of families to have special oversight of."

As in other matters of labor the legislature at one time controlled and supervised the whole system of apprenticeship. But in this branch of industry there was the same complaint as at the present day and probably has ever been since — attempts were made to systematize and regulate commercial affairs. An employer desiring to take a boy

to learn his trade required his service for seven years, during which he was to board and clothe the apprentice, and at the end of the term give him one or more suits of clothing and a small sum of money. But in many cases the boy after serving a portion of the allotted period could not see any advantage to be gained by spending three or four years longer without pay when his companions, who probably could not do better work, were obtaining a regular salary. Then came the quarrel and away sallied the apprentice to seek employment as a journeyman or set up in business for himself.

So frequently did this thing occur that the selectmen took the matter in hand and issued an order forbidding any person under twenty-one years of age or who had not served an apprenticeship of seven years, from establishing himself in business or engaging out as a journeyman.

Each indenture made between master and servant had to be recorded in the town records, within thirty days from time of commencing service, and at the end of the seven years the apprentice was given a diploma in the shape of discharge papers, on the face of which had to appear the signatures of sufficient witnesses, testifying to its character. The authorities must have felt the importance of the careless state of affairs, as they claimed that unless the matter was immediately attended to, the welfare of the town would be threatened.

These apprentices, both girls and boys, were, like other domestics, classed as servants, but



of course those who bound themselves to learn a trade were a little removed socially from the house or farm servant. With this latter class the colony was at one time well provided; indeed it was a poor man who could not afford one or more of these assistants, while the freeman well knew their value so that they kept as many with them as they could afford.

A French Protestant refugee, writing to a friend about 1680, said: "You can bring with you hired help in any vocation whatever, there is absolute need of them to till the land. You may also own negroes and negresses; there are those that have five or six, and all make a good living. You employ savages to work your fields in consideration of one shilling and a half a day and board which is eighteen pence; it being always understood that you must provide them with beasts or utensils of labor. It is better to have hired men to till your land. Negroes cost from twenty to forty pistoles [the pistole was then worth about ten francs], according as they are skilful or robust.

"There is no danger that they will leave you, nor hired help likewise, for the moment one of them is missing from the town you have only to notify the savages, who, provided you promise them something, and describe the man to them, he is right soon found. But it happens rarely that they quit you for they would know not where to go, there being few trodden roads and those which are trodden lead to English towns or villages, which, on your writing, will immediately send back your

men. There are ship captains who might take them off; but that is open larceny and would be rigorously punished."

But it was not long before the wind of fortune shifted to the advantage of the servant, and when the term of service of those who came over in the first years of the settlement had expired, they demanded higher wages, and as the laboring classes were few and the large farms, etc., were to be attended to, the price asked had to be paid. Governor Winthrop relates an amusing incident *apropos* of the high wages demanded by servants, he says:—

"The wars of England kept servants from coming to us, so as those we had could not be hired when their terms were out but upon unreasonable terms, and we found it very difficult to pay their wages to their content (for money was very scarce). I may upon this occasion report a passage between one of Rowley and his servant. The master being forced to sell a pair of his oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him the next year. The servant answered, he would serve him for more of his cattle. 'But how shall I do,' saith the master, 'when all my cattle are gone?' The servant replied, 'You shall then serve me, and so you may have your cattle again.'"

Indians could not be employed unless a license was obtained from the government, but this law made in 1630-1, was repealed in 1646. However Indian labor was never popular, and not until the colony

grew in numbers and consequent strength did the fear of the savage leave them. Those taken in war were distributed to the English families as slaves, and were to be "taught and instructed in the Christian religion." But in what regard these poor children of the forest held the religion of their conquerors, who could treat them with such brutality and take them from their families and freedom and sell them like beasts to a life of toil and confinement, must be imagined. However in this as in every other means to carry out their ends, the Puritans worked in some excuse for their acts by pretended service to their God.

At first the master was overbearing and exacting, and the circumstance which compelled servants to be less abject was not welcomed by Winthrop and his colleagues. Should a domestic give offence he was taken to the public whipping post and severely thrashed. An order of the court passed in 1634 stated that "If any boy that hath been whipped for running from his master be taken in any other plantation, not having a note from his master to testify his business there, it shall be lawful for the constable of the said plantation to whip him and send him home." From which it would appear that the unfortunate youth "jumped from the pan into the fire."

Happily there were exceptions to the rule and in some cases master and servant understood their relative importance each to the other, which state of affairs being observed by Wood led him to write in his "New England's Pros-

pect" as follows: "There is much freedom and liberty for servants as in England, and more too; a wronged servant shall have right *volens volens* from his injurious master, and a wronged master shall have right of his injurious servant, as well as here; therefore let no servant discharge from the voyage that intends it. And now when as it is generally reported that servants and poor men grow rich, and the masters and gentry grow poor, I must needs confess that the diligent hand makes rich and that laboring men having good store of employments, and as good pay, live well and contentedly; but I cannot perceive that those that set them awork are anyway impoverished by them; peradventure, they have less money by reason of them, but nevertheless riches—a man's work well done being more beneficial than his money; or other dead commodities, which otherwise would lie by him to no purpose."

A poll tax of twenty pence levied on males above sixteen years of age was a rather bountiful income to the state. "Laborers, artificers and handicraftsmen (that usually took in summer time above eighteen pence by the day wages)" were charged with a uniform tax of three shillings and four pence annually; upon other persons, payments were assessed "according to their returns and incomings."

The pioneers called the days of the week beginning with the first to the seventh, which was Saturday, and it was early a question whether the Sabbath be held to begin at sunset or at midnight of Saturday.

The latter order was a law in Massachusetts but Connecticut favored the former. The months began at March by the names of the first, second, etc., as "ninth of the 1st month" or "9-1," which designated March ninth and so on to the twelfth which was February. This system was established because they desired to avoid all memory of "heathenish and idols' names."

The badge of servitude as worn by the servants was a dress consisting of a material that made the tanners' trade important. This costume which so readily designated the toiler from the master was of leather. The clothing of gentlemen as well as ladies admitted of excessive and elaborate adornment, so that it was much easier at that time than the present day to draw a distinguishing line by dress between employer and employee. When the colony was in an embryo state provision was made for the passage to America of emigrants, and of the articles of dress allowed to each man, which latter included a somewhat formidable list: four pairs of shoes, three pairs of stockings, a pair of Norwich garters, four shirts, a suit of doublet and hose of leather, lined with oil skin leather, and with hooks and eyes, a suit of Hampshire kerseys, four bands and three plain fulling bands, a waistcoat of green cotton bound with red tape, a leathern girdle, a Monmouth cap, a black hat lined in the brow with leather, five red knit caps, two dozen hooks and eyes, and small hooks and eyes for mandilions, two pairs of gloves and handkerchiefs. These articles

were mostly for use of the servants and were of such material and design as would give the wearer the best service.

Agricultural affairs were first in importance. The law gave preference to the care of crops above all other industries, so that it was allowable for a citizen to impress the services of a neighbor's servants, or even of the master, should it be necessary in order to save his harvest. The shoemaker, who if busily engaged in finishing a pair of shoes for a prompt-paying customer who was to make a journey, must when ordered by the constable throw down his work, and, together with negroes, Indians and others, labor in the field at regular harvest wages fixed by statute. So it was with each and every member of the community.

As the public need was conceived to be in the precarious standing crops of individual citizen, a law of Dorchester, passed in 1637, stated that any man or housekeeper of that community "chosen to go for a souldier," might leave the care of any business at home to a friend who should be paid at soldier's rate. If the conscript was unable to obtain this home worker, then one of four citizens named might "enjoyne who they shall think fit to work in this kind for the help of need"; this substitute must work or pay a fine. Fortunately this tinkering of social and business matters by the state and town law-makers was soon done away with, and capital and labor were left to agree as best they could.

## AN ACTOR'S BIRTHHOUSE AND BIRTHRIGHT.

IN our October number we noted some points of Charlotte Cushman's career, in connection with her North End birthplace. This month (by kind permission of the late Charles Edward Wiggin's family) we reproduce, from the same unique picture, another house, next-door neighbor to the first, which was destroyed at the same time, in 1866. In this house was born JOHN GIBBS GILBERT. Was there theatre in the air of Richmond Street? Did its very name suggest the royal conqueror of Richard of Gloster? No more distinguished or respected players has Boston ever given the world than Mr. Gilbert and Miss Cushman. It is therefore the more remarkable that they should be born in adjacent homes, she in 1816, and he six years earlier, on Feb. 27, 1810.

Doubt is sometimes expressed as to whether Miss Cushman was really born in the Richmond Street house; but she so believed, and earnestly left the belief on record; her intimate family friends were always so informed; the city directory locates her father's household here the year of her birth; and it is on this account that the Cushman School bears her name; so the chain of evidence is about as strong as it well can be.

In reference to Elkanah Cushman, an important fact was omitted from our previous article, that the actress' mother was not his first wife. By his earlier marriage there were several children;

and the granchild of one of them was Belle Cushman Eaton, who was very proud of her name, and gave promise as an elocutionist, but died in her young womanhood, several years ago. The Cushman line ran back to Plymouth Rock. Let us glance now at the Gilbert lineage.

The actor's grandfather, John Gilbert, was born Oct. 20, 1762, a dozen years before the Revolution, and belonged in Atkinson, N. H. There also, on Dec. 20, 1762, was born the grandmother, Mary Belknap. They were married in 1785, three years before Washington's election to the presidency. Grandfather Gilbert died April 17, 1819, aged fifty-seven; but she outlived him nearly a score of years. Their oldest son, John Neal Gilbert, the actor's father, was born in Atkinson, Jan. 3, 1786; and in 1809 married a Boston girl, Elizabeth Atkins, who was born in our pictured house, June 29, 1789, being older than her brothers, and died there July 8, 1837, a year before her mother.

On the tablets in the family lot in Mount Auburn are inscribed many records of the births and deaths occurring in the Atkins family; and, in addition to the *data* kindly furnished by kinsfolk, the old city directories yield certain landmarks. In 1809 we find J. N. Gilbert set down as living at No. 4 Richmond Street, and keeping a store at No. 4 Cornhill Square; but in 1813, and there-

after, we find no mention of any Gilbert in that vicinity. Alas! the young husband and father had died at the early age of twenty-seven, in 1813, during the last war with Great Britain. Mr. Gilbert did not die as a soldier, however, but of a malignant disease, in Guadeloupe, while acting as supercargo for a Boston firm, his own business having been crippled by the military troubles.

He left but two children. The eldest was our actor, and bore the Gilbert family name of John, as well as Grandfather Atkins's name of Gibbs. The other was Elizabeth Atkins Gilbert, born Sept. 14, 1811, and subsequently the wife of Valentine Martin. From this Martin alliance is descended a granddaughter, Eleanor Gilbert Beal, who is proud of being the grandniece of the great comedian, and is herself a charming and talented amateur actress, now the wife of that bright young journalist and playwright, Wilmot Atherton Brownell.

The house of our picture, in which John and Elizabeth Gilbert were born, was erected by Gibbs Atkins's father, who was by trade a builder, and in 1798 is set down as a cabinet-maker on Prince Street; and the work was largely done by negro slaves, for this patriarchal institution was not yet extinct in New England. As Gibbs Atkins died in 1806, over sixty years of age, the mansion, at the period of John Gilbert's birth, belonged to the latter's widowed grandmother.

There is in the family a portrait of Mr. Gibbs Atkins, painted by Badger, in 1819, from a pencil

drawing made in 1770, when Mr. Atkins was only twenty-eight. This date shows that Mr. Atkins was born in 1742, eight years his wife's senior. He was therefore verging on thirty-five when the colonies declared their independence; but with this movement he had little sympathy, being a Tory in politics.

There is a portrait of Grandmother Hannah Atkins, painted by Badger in 1818, when she was sixty-eight, having been born May 8, 1750, a quarter-century before the Revolution. A photograph of this painting was made about the time of her death, July 11, 1838; and of this we are permitted to publish a copy. A gracious face! She was a native of Pepperell, Mass., and her maiden name was Hannah Newell; but she was the Widow Dodge when she married Gibbs Atkins, who became the father of her three boys and one girl.

Among the family portraits also is one of their daughter Elizabeth, painted with the aid of a plaster cast taken after her death, and with the assistance of her children, one daughter remaining constantly by Badger's side while he was at work.

The Atkins boys were Thomas Gibbs, born Dec. 12, 1790; Richard, born April 12, 1792; Timothy, born Oct. 22, 1794. Richard Atkins died at sea, during the War of 1812, aged only about twenty-one. These boys, as well as their sister, Mrs. Gilbert, were born in the old Richmond Street house. About 1825 the four changes to twelve, the Richmond Street houses being renumbered; but the Atkins



family never quitted their homestead until its demolition in 1866, when the surviving bachelor brother, Timothy, was therein living the life of a recluse; though he did not die till July 25, 1869.

In 1816 his brother Thomas is recorded as keeping a drygoods store at 29 Marlboro Street, the part of Washington between the Old South and Summer Street. In 1825 his store is numbered 143 Washington, this newly named street absorbing the former Cornhill, Marlboro, Newbury and Orange Streets. The store was on the site now occupied as a bookstore by Estes & Lauriat, and still belongs to the Atkins estate. In 1820, and many years after, the prosperous T. G. Atkins is set down as an occupant of the home in our picture, his widowed mother's name also appearing in the directory. He was not married till late in life, and died Nov. 18, 1853. His wife was the Widow Tuttle, from New Hampshire, only twenty-two years old; and the acquaintance came about through the employment of her kinsman, Erastus Tuttle, in Mr. Atkins's store.

Though a tradesman, T. G. Atkins was not indifferent to public interests. Pasted on the back of a venerable picture was found a certificate — illustrated with a picture of both the battle and monument at Bunker Hill — of his subscription to the funds which erected that granite shaft. He owned a farm in the town of Bedford, which was afterwards sold by the administrator to Robert Pike Wiggin, a Broad Street merchant; and still another Wiggin who had

dealings with the Atkins estate was James Simon, in connection with a wharf at the North End.

In the household of the Widow Atkins boarded Henry Bartlett. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 25, 1782, and became a drygoods dealer at 22 Cornhill and 21 State Street, belonging to the firm of Bartlett & Carter. It need not surprise us that he won the beautiful Widow Gilbert for his wife. The knot was tied on Nov. 25, 1815, doubtless by Dr. Lathrop. After the ceremony they drove at once to their new residence at the West End, corner of Vine and Bridge Streets, near Cambridge Street, on the slope towards the water. Her boy, Johnny Gilbert, was with them, a bright lad of five; and he so loudly lamented having left behind his little hammer, that the kind stepfather ordered the hack to turn back again to grandmother's, and get the little fellow's treasure.

Johnny owned another plaything, which must have been given him about the time of his father's death, — a crockery image, six or eight inches tall, of a Yankee Patriot, in ancient Continental uniform. This is now in his widow's possession; as is also a little mug, bearing this inscription: "A present for our dear boy, from his parents."

The two Gilberts grew up in remarkable harmony with the five new children, gradually added to the fireside. The Bartletts were James, born Sept. 29, 1816; Emeline, March 13, 1818; Sarah, Oct. 6, 1819; Richard Atkins, May 13, 1824; Henry, April 24, 1826. The last-named son married Lydia



F. Potter. The oldest sister (Emelin, as Mr. Gilbert always called her) married Samuel Prescott Bradley, and is the mother of two children. Sarah Bartlett was married in 1840 to John T. Wells, by whom she had four children, and died in 1893.

Richard Atkins Bartlett, in whom his mother perpetuated the name of her deceased brother, married Ann Johnson Gavitt, of Salem, and died Sept. 23, 1860, leaving only one child, Annie Gavitt Bartlett, now the wife of Mr. George Peirce, well known in insurance circles, and as the honorable secretary of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union.

Long to be remembered are visits to the beautiful Peirce home, 713 Washington Street, Brookline, with the additional enjoyment of a peep into the Gilbert scrapbooks, full of all sorts of dramatic excerpts. The affectionate centre of the Peirce group is the actor's widow, his second wife, in the enjoyment of life's serene twilight; and in the wide hallway hangs a magnificent lifelike oil portrait of Mr. Gilbert, painted in New York.

The eldest Bartlett child, James, was born on Vine Street. When very young it was found expedient to send him to New Hampshire, to live with his paternal grandparents; consequently he did not see as much of the North End home as did his younger brothers and sisters. Their father, Henry Bartlett, met with mercantile misfortunes, which led him to enter the coffee business in Cuba, especially in the city of Matanzas; but ill-health compelled his return to the Richmond Street home, where

he died on July 11, 1826. These events led to the permanent return of his wife and children to the same old house, from which Mrs. Gilbert-Bartlett never lived away more than eight or ten years.

When James was about ten years old he also came there for a few weeks, and two memorable events occurred. One was his baptism, by Dr. Henry Ware, of the old church, a rite which for some reason he had not received in babyhood. The other was a walk with his half-brother, John Gilbert. As they passed the Tremont Theatre, then in process of erection, John said: "See that theatre going up? I shall act there some day." James thought him jesting; but John spoke in sober earnest, and carried out his intention within two years. James Bartlett was presently sent away to a school on Staten Island, kept by an Englishman named George Brown, and there acquired such proficiency in mathematics that long afterwards he could distance modern schoolboys in this department. At the end of four years he once more came to Boston, again saw his mother, and worked awhile in his Uncle Thomas's store; but in 1831 he went to Malden, where he has lived ever since.

In 1844 James Bartlett married Nancy Jane Watts, born in 1820, in Hillsborough, N. H. She is a sweet-faced and youthful-hearted lady, and they have reared four children: William Henry Bartlett, at home and unmarried; Alice J. Bartlett, now Mrs. E. F. Melcher; James Bartlett, Jr., living in Malden with his family; and Elizabeth Atkins Bartlett, named for her

grandmother, and married to Fred. T. Peabody.

Since 1856 James Bartlett has resided in a spacious old house, now numbered 505 Pleasant Street, Malden; and one may there spend a delightful evening, looking over his store of relics — tea-service and caddy, silver cruet and pitcher, cider-jug, furniture, and the silken program on which are printed pictures of Mrs. John Drew, William J. Florence, and Mr. Gilbert, in the three chief characters of *The Rivals*, as played in one of our comedian's latest tours. Even more interesting are the portraits already mentioned, in the big square parlor upstairs. On the back of one quaint picture is a curious record of three deaths: Timothy Atkins, Aug. 15, 1798; Sarah Atkins, Aug. 19, 1798; Mary Atkins, Aug. 18, 1798, aged ninety-nine years, eleven months, twenty-three days — only a week short of a full century. Were these the mother, brother, and sister of Gibbs Atkins?

Luscious apples from the yard recall the big rear garden on Richmond Street, which ran through to Prince. There were certainly Bartlett *pairs* in it, and Bartlett *pears* also, it may be; as this popular fruit was named for Henry Bartlett's brother, Enoch, who found it growing, without a pedigree, in the garden of an estate he bought in Roxbury, and carried it to the next exhibition of the Horticultural Society. The Atkins ground certainly contained other pears which urchins delighted to steal, such as the Saint Michael and Erbenesse; and plums also, whose descendants may be

found in the Malden orchard. Indeed, these fruits found their way into still other gardens; and so did the roses, peonies, and lilies from the Atkins place, some of which were transplanted to the Peirce home in Rutland Street, Boston, and thence to Brookline, and also to Mr. Gilbert's summer home, at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

These genealogical memories have spirited us over the intervening years, from the beginning of our century to its close. Let us fly backward.

Though the actor's name is not in the directory, he lived much of the time in the house where he was born, till he left home professionally. At the age of six he was presumably interested over the tidings of a baby next door, and must have seen the new-comer in arms. This infant was Charlotte Cushman; and anent their juvenile acquaintance hangs an ecclesiastical tale.

The old North (or Second) Church on North Square was destroyed by the British during the Siege of Boston, and the proprietors thereafter united with the New Brick Society on Hanover Street, whose ancient meeting-house was surmounted by the cockerel vane. The consolidated parish retained the ancient name of Second Church, and also kept the North Church pastor, Rev. John Lathrop, who had been settled in 1768, seven years before the Revolution. A decade later, in 1786, the deserted North Square site was sold, under a special legislative act, to Mr. Lathrop; and thereon he built a fine residence, largely with the aid



EMPTY HOUSE.

HANNAH ATKINS.



FULL HOUSE.

CHARLOTTE S. CUSHMAN.

of generous parishioners, among whom was John Gilbert's grandfather, *Gibbes* Atkins, who also generously subscribed for the recasting of the old bell, which had been saved from the North Church wreck, put in order by the historic Paul Revere, and was elevated to its new home in the Brick belfry in 1792.

The Cushmans and the Atkinses attended the Rooster Church, only a few rods from Richmond Street. There the infant actor was christened John Gibbs, the ceremony being performed by Pastor Lathrop, who had then been the minister over forty years. As he did not end his relations till 1816, the year of Miss Cushman's birth, it is probable that Dr. Lathrop baptized her also; though this duty may possibly have fallen upon his successor, Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., who began his pastorate the next year. One thing is certain, that John and Charlotte used to talk to each other over the high railing between their family pews, when the boy was fifteen and the girl nine.

Although domiciliary changes early removed the Cushmans from Richmond Street, John knew his artistic sister when he was delighting friends by juvenile dramatic efforts in a hayloft on Veazie's Lane, and she was acting the Bluebeard lover in mother's attic on North Centre, between Hanover and North Streets, or in some other nook in the heart of Old Boston. Probably Veazie's Lane ran by Veazie's bakeshop, off Salem Street, near Richmond, as the land belonged to Joseph Veazie; and if so, this alley is now called Carroll Place. Grandmother Atkins's household did not care to

have their routine upset by youthful theatricals, and in this regard John did not have his own way quite so much as neighbor Charlotte. Nevertheless, he compassed his ends with the aid of his sister. They ransacked the garret for discarded draperies, which were lowered by Elizabeth from the



window into her waiting brother's arms, and presently served their scenic purpose in the old barn.

As our comedian bore the name of Gibbs, belonging to both Grandfather Atkins and Uncle Thomas, this may partly account for his position in that uncle's store. Though never quite so intimate, the acquaintance of Mr. Charles E. Wiggin with John Gilbert, as with Charlotte Cushman, dated from boyhood. The Boston lad slept in the store. One morning he was taking down the shutters, while the country chap was doing likewise at his workplace hard by,



JESSIE RURAL.

SIMON INGOT.

SIR PETER TEAZLE.

MR. GILBERT IN EARLIER DAYS.

a spacious haberdashery, conducted by that noble gentleman, Alfred Ai Andrews. Naturally of a chatty disposition, young Wiggin accosted his neighbor, though John was three years older.

"Do you work here?"

"I do, sir!" was John's reply, theatrically delivered.

A quarter-century later Mr. Wiggin was surprised to find Mr. Gilbert one day lunching at Mrs. Harrington's famous pie and coffee rooms, on School Street.

"Glad to see you once more, Mr. Gilbert; but perhaps you don't remember me?"

"I do, sir!" was again the reply, in the very tone and manner of long ago.

Their first interview could not have been much before Nov. 28, 1828, when our tall, manly, but somewhat awkward youth of eighteen made his pristine dramatic bow to the general public at the Tremont Theatre (where Char-

lotte did the same thing six years afterwards) as Jaffier, in Otway's tedious play, *Venice Preserved*, written over two hundred years ago, and long since relegated to classic shelves.

There was much tragic ambition among youthful Bostonians of that day. Even the fellow-storeboy just mentioned once made preparations to go upon the boards, and was only deterred by the urgent advice of a lady he greatly respected; and young Gilbert was so absorbed in blank verse, that he was as liable to sell his uncle's goods for a song as for a dollar. Yet he was not wholly indifferent to business; for years afterwards, when many articles were distributed among the kinsfolk, the actor could decipher thereon the private trademarks, and tell what the goods had cost.

John's kinsfolk were strongly opposed to his theatric proclivities. On the bill, therefore, he was simply announced as a Young Gentleman, as Cushman was at first announced as a Young Lady. Especially from Uncle Thomas were concealed the arrangements for John's debut. Judge, then, of the nephew's surprise, when he saw Mr. Atkins in a conspicuous seat. Though uncle was no stiff-necked Puritan, but a regular playgoer, the lad did not venture home that night, but slept in a friend's room, to dream of becoming a second Roscius. There was even a friendly cabal to hiss the neophyte from the stage, and thus rescue him from a playactor's fate; but the conspiracy came to naught, and there was in John's nature a determination which he might have phrased in Hamlet's words:—







MR. GILBERT IN "ONE HUNDRED AND TWO."

My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.  
Still am I called? Unhand me, gentlemen!  
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that  
lets me.

Our actor's second part was Sir Edward Mortimer, in the younger Colman's last-century melodrama, *Iron Chest*—rarely heard in forty years, though once a standby with every star. Instantaneous success was followed by a round of tragic parts, and he must have made a perfect *Shylock* to the eye.

From Boston he went to the metropolis, and then West and South. In this trip, though only nineteen, he began acting old men, and this largely determined his future career. In one sense he never gave up tragedy for comedy. To the end he played, and liked to play, such serious parts as *Master Walter*, in *The Hunchback*, and *Matthew Elmore*, in *Love's Sacrifice*. In truth he was not a natural fun-maker, and had no taste for buffoonery, his grandest achievement being in earnest humor. Some genius for burlesque was shown later in life, however, when he personated the druidess *Norma*, oak-wreath and all, in a travesty of Bellini's opera—for Mr. Gilbert could sing admirably; while another burlesque was on *The Forty Thieves*, the original *Arabian Nights* drama being then a popular play.

In this connection we are permitted to reproduce a hand sketch, drawn by his distinguished fellow actor, John Brougham, representing Gilbert in a piece called *One Hundred and Two*; while other cuts show him as *Sir Peter*, in Sheridan's great comedy; as *Mr. Ingot*, the stolid London merchant,

in David Garrick; and as the pathetically humorous clergyman, in *Boucicault's Old Heads and Young Hearts*.

It was much the fashion to have patriotic plays, with the Father of his Country in evidence; and Mr. Gilbert almost dreaded the name of Washington, so frequently did his commanding physique lead to his selection for this part.

On his benefit night, Dec. 21, 1838, when he had been ten years in the profession, Gilbert was presented with a fine copy of *Shakespeare*, published in 1832, by Moor, Roys & Graves, Pall Mall booksellers.

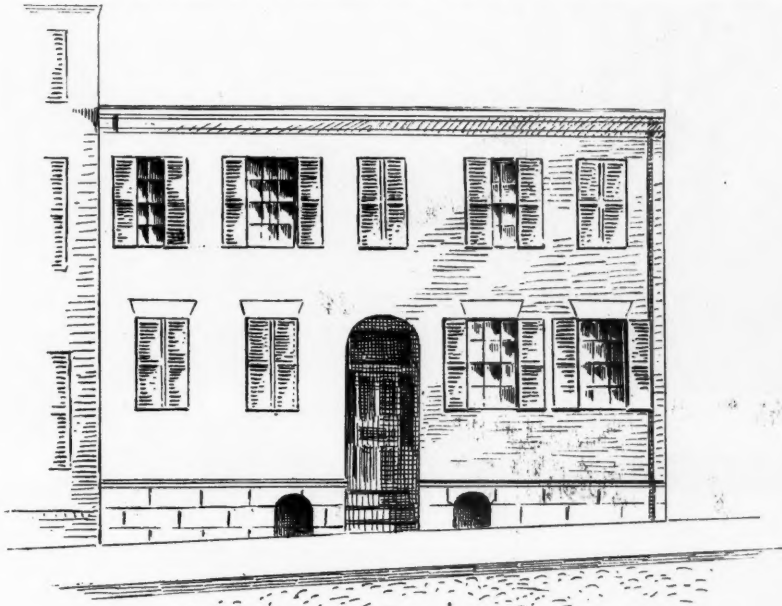
How he could look, accordingly as the boxes were empty or full, may be seen in an expressive double-headed picture in the Peirce sitting-room.

He often acted with the elder Booth, who, as is well known, was not always quite in equilibrium for public appearance. One night, instead of addressing Gilbert in the language of the play, he astonished him by exclaiming: "Get up from that sofa, John! I want it myself!"

It is remarkable that Gilbert and Cushman should run in so many parallel grooves. Both were tall, massive, and somewhat angular, strong-featured, but not handsome, except when flame-faced with genius. Vandenhoff complained that Charlotte spoiled the metre by substituting *kill*, for the proper verb, in the Queen's line to Hamlet:

What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

Fellow-actors also criticised Gilbert's textual imperfections, some-



HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN GILBERT WAS BORN.

times noticeable beyond the footlights, especially if he despised his part.

Often our two nativity neighbors acted together, once for a whole season in a London playhouse.

Previous to 1850 stage upholstery was not much regarded. This made somewhat more attractive a new play, destined for sixty years' popularity, by a playwright foreordained to profitably prolific authorship. *London Assurance*, by Dion Bouicault—who then spelt himself Bourcicault—was produced in New York in 1840, with sumptuous furniture, and with Miss Cushman to create for America the now familiar part of *Lady Gay*. The following Christmas week Cushman and comedy came to our old Tremont, with

Mr. Gilbert as Sir Harcourt. He naturally felt aggrieved, when presently superseded by W. R. Blake; but Gilbert's personation of the aged fop, fifteen years later, was such as to make one appreciate W. T. W. Ball's summary criticism, applied both to Charlotte's *Lady Gay* and John's *Sir Harcourt*, "Good in spots."

In 1858 the two Bostonians were together in *Henry the Eighth*, at Niblo's Garden, and again in 1872; and Gilbert was on the stage during the Cushman farewell at Booth's Theatre, Nov. 7, 1874.

Already we have introduced a few later facts; but having seen John Gilbert fairly launched on the Thespian Sea, a more detailed account of his life voyage must be left for a subsequent article.

J. HENRY WIGGIN.



VIEW OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDING.

## THE CONTROL OF ALCOHOLISM.

WE wonder how many people stop to consider the enormous increase of crime; and that this increase is not, as is generally supposed, among the ignorant, but as one writer tells us, that every rise in the rate of wages is followed by an increase of offenders, and that the prisons are never so full as in a period of general prosperity and abundant work. Now the causes that work to produce this increase of criminality are not far to seek, and unquestionably the most marked is in the consumption of intoxicating

liquors, which is shown by the statistics of almost every nation. Tolstoi may perhaps have exaggerated when he asserts that alcohol is accountable for ninety per cent of crime, and that of women who go astray, one-half yield to temptation when under its influence. Be this as it may, this evil is the cause of more than half of our outrages against society.

Alcoholism is recognized by all writers on medicine as a disease known and named by the tracks or pathology it leaves in the system. The pathology of alcohol is as well

known as that of typhoid fever, cholera, measles or scarlatina. Will any one be so bold as to say in the nineteenth century, when the scalpel and the microscope have demonstrated the lessons that alcohol produces in the liver, brain, kidneys and nervous system, that alcoholism is only a habit? If he does, he must array himself against all the scientific writers on medicine of this age, a thing none but a fool would do. If a man can cure epilepsy or typhoid fever by resolving to have no more of them, he can cure alcoholism by his resolution to drink no more.

Drugs that were considered the best fifteen years ago are discarded

to-day and are not in use. New discoveries are being made in the medical world every day, and this is what is claimed for the Baker-Rose remedy. It is a discovery of five years ago, and five years is sufficient time to test this remedy.

The Baker-Rose Gold Cure Company of Massachusetts was established for the scientific treatment and cure of the liquor, opium, morphine, cocaine and tobacco habits. They have one of the largest and most elegant buildings in Boston, where their patients are provided with every luxury that a lavish expenditure of wealth and artistic taste can give. It is desirably situated on what



DRAWING ROOM.



GRAND HALL.

was at one time the famous Harris estate. A glance at the illustrations will give a better idea than any words we may write, of its cheerfulness and luxury. Excellent entertainments are provided every month, when eminent vocal and instrumental talent are engaged. Senator Coggeshall of Albany will deliver an address early in February. The public are cordially invited to visit the institution and to attend the entertainments.

Dr. Henry J. Vrooman, the physician in charge, is too well known to need any introduction at our hands. Suffice it to say he is without an equal in the treatment of alcoholism or the morphine habit. He was a practising physician in New York state for twelve years. During the past three years his practice has been solely with the Baker-Rose Co., where he has treated over one thousand pa-

tients, ninety-seven per cent of whom have been permanently cured of the liquor habit. This speaks very highly for him. He is a thorough physician, and understands everything in regard to this wonderful cure for liquor.

Mr. Dana T. Bennett, the superintendent, has been connected with this company for a number of years. Having enjoyed this position in the three flourishing sanitariums of New York, situated in Clinton, Medina and Cornwall-on-Hudson, he has a thorough knowledge of how they should be conducted and managed.

Mr. D. Tracy, Jr., formerly an extensive merchant of Cambridge, N. Y., is the manager of the company, with offices at the Institution, 113 Townsend Street, Roxbury District, and 55 Equitable Building, to whom all interested may apply.

COL. FRED O. CROCKER.



## JOSEPH HAWORTH.

**F**EW men who have attained prominence on the stage have had more interesting careers than Joseph Haworth.

His first histrionic effort was made in Cleveland eighteen years ago, while he was a mere boy. John Ellsler, the father of Effie, was the head of a stock company in which the youthful Haworth made his first appearance. Not long after he joined the company, Edwin Booth came to Cleveland to play a star engagement with the support of the Ellsler stock company. Haworth, who had already shown evidences of genius, soon attracted the attention of the great tragedian. Before the Booth engagement closed, Hamlet was produced with Haworth in the rôle of Laertes, and later he was invited to become a member of Mr. Booth's own company.

Haworth's name at the Boston Museum is intimately associated with the part of Grosvenor in "Patience." In 1881 he was tendered the position of leading man at the Museum but accepted an offer made by Mr. McCullough to play such conspicuous rôles as Iago in "Othello," Cassius in "Julius Cæsar" and Icilius in "Virginius."

Haworth's present engagement in this city is the first time he has appeared in Boston as a star in high class repertoire at the head of his own company. Boston theatre-goers will have a chance to pass judgment on the prediction, often made, that he is worthy and competent to wear the mantle of



JOSEPH HAWORTH AS "HAMLET."

Booth, for two of the pieces in which he appears, "Hamlet" and "Richelieu," were plays in which the genius of Booth most brightly shone. "Rosedale," the third play, will afford him a splendid opportunity to display his versatility.

One of his greatest masterpieces was his Paul Kauvar, of which Col. Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier Journal* wrote, "There is but one Paul Kauvar and his name is Haworth." Haworth has also scored in "Hoodman Blind," "The Bells," "Ruy Blas," "The Leavenworth Case," "Crust of Society," "Man of the World" and "St. Marc."

It is his intention to devote himself the coming season to "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Richard III," and "Julius Cæsar" almost exclusively.

## THE POWER OF SYMPATHY:

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

BY WILLIAM HILL BROWN.

### LETTER XXX.

MRS. HOLMES TO MYRA.

#### BELLEVIEW.

You will observe, my dear friend, that most of the letters I have written to you of late on female education, are confined to the subject of study. I am sensible of the ridicule sometimes levelled at those who are called learned ladies. Either these ladies must be uncommonly pedantic, or those who ridicule them uncommonly ignorant.

Do not be apprehensive of acquiring that title or sharing the ridicule, but remember that the knowledge which I wish you to acquire is necessary to adorn your many virtues and amiable qualifications. This ridicule is evidently a trans-Atlantic idea, and must have been imbibed from the source of some *English* novel or magazine. The *American* ladies of this class, who come within our knowledge, we know to be justly celebrated as ornaments to society and an honor to the sex. When it is considered how many of our country women are capable of the task it is a matter of regret that *American* literature boasts so few productions from the pens of the ladies.

Self-complacency is a most necessary acquirement, for the value of a woman will always be commensurate to the opinion she entertains of herself. A celebrated Eu-

ropean wit, in a letter to a lady, concentrates much good advice in the short rule of conduct "REVERENCE THYSELF."

I was this morning reading Swift's letter to a very young lady on her marriage. Although this famous writer is not celebrated for delicacy or respect toward us, yet I wish some of his observations contained less truth. If you are in company, says this writer, when the conversation turns on the manners and customs of remote nations or on books in verse or prose or on the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for a lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavor by reading and information to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next to her about a new cargo of fans.

He then descends to particulars and insists on the necessity of orthography. Is it not a little hard, continues he, that not one gentleman's daughter should be taught to read or to understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find who can have the patience to hear them mangle a play or a novel?

If there be any of your acquaintance to whom this passage is applicable, I hope you will recommend the study of Mr. Web-

ster's Grammatical Institute, as the best work in our language to facilitate the knowledge of grammar. I cannot but think Mr. Webster intended his valuable book for the benefit of his country women. For while he delivers his rules in a pure, precise and elegant style, he explains his meaning by examples which are calculated to inspire the female mind with a thirst for emulation, and a desire of virtue.

No subject has been more exhausted than that of education. Many Utopian schemes have been delineated, and much speculation employed. When I peruse these labors and am persuaded the intention of their authors is to promote our welfare, I feel myself prompted to a prudent and amiable demeanor, and I suppose every woman of reason and reflection feels the same inclination to virtue and the same sensations of gratitude in reading the works of those writers, the characteristics of whom are sentiments, morality and benevolence.

What books do you read, my dear? We are now finishing Barlow's Vision of Columbus and shall begin upon Dwight's Conquests of Canaan in a few days. It is very agreeable to read with one who points out the beauties of the author as we proceed. Such a one is Worthy. Sometimes Mr. Holmes makes one of our party, and his notes and references to the ancient poets are very entertaining. Worthy is delighted with the ease and freedom with which we live here. We have little concerts, we walk, we ride, we read, we have good company—this is Bellevue in all its glory.

Adieu, my dear—I shall continue this subject no longer though I flatter myself you would receive my hints with satisfaction, because you must be persuaded I love you, and so interest myself in your welfare. I need not add that I think your conduct worthy of you. You are such a good girl that I know not in what to direct you: for you leave me no room for advice. Continue to anticipate the desires of my heart and secure the high opinion you have there obtained.

Your friend forever!



#### LETTER XXXI.

MRS. HOLMES TO MYRA.

BELLEVUE.

If the affair of your brother and Harriet be serious, and matrimony is really on the *tapis*, do not fail to make me previously acquainted with it. I very much doubt the evidence of the verses; they weigh little in my mind, and he is easily excused for sending them to so fine a girl as Harriet.

Your observations on her dependence on Mrs. Francis do honor to your heart. Virtue does not consist in affluence and independence,

nor can it be reflected on us by the glory of our connections. Those who pride themselves on it make but an indifferent figure, for in the estimation of all sensible people true merit is personal.

However, my dear friend, as one who wishes for your welfare and the happiness of your family, I advise you to discourage the proposed connection, and if you cannot undertake this disagreeable task with a *certainly of success* do not fail to acquaint me of it *speedily*. Adieu!

## LETTER XXXII.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

What ails my heart? I feel a void here, and yet I verge toward my happiness, for a few days makes Harriet mine. Myra says I *had better not marry her*. What could prompt her to use such an expression? *Better not marry her*. She has repeated it several times and with too much eagerness. I give not heed to it — and yet why should it affect me in this manner? Is it an artifice to fathom the depth of my love? Such schemes are my utter aversion — it disturbs me. I hate such artifice. You cannot imagine how it touches my heart. Adieu!

## LETTER XXXIII.

MRS. HOLMES TO MYRA.

BELLEVIEW.

It is the duty of friends to be interested in all the concerns of one another, to join in the joys and to avert the stroke of danger. It is the duty of the sentinel to give the alarm at the approach of what he may think such and if the

result does not prove to be a real evil he has but performed his duty, and the action is meritorious.

If your exertions to countermine the connection of your brother with Harriet should prove ineffectual (and do not fail to acquaint me with it either way) *I have a tale to unfold* which may possibly forbid the banns.

## LETTER XXXIV.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

I find my temper growing extremely irritable — my sensibility is wounded at the slightest neglect. I am very tenacious of everything and everybody.

A party was made yesterday to go on the water. I was omitted, and the neglect hurt me. I inquired the cause, and what think you his answer!

"I am no company. I am asked a question and return nothing to the point. I am absent. I am strangely altered within a few days. I am thinking of a different subject when I ought to be employed in conversation. I am extravagant in my observations — I am no company."

They would persuade me I am little better than a mad man. I have no patience with their nonsensical replies. Such wisecracks do not deserve my pity.

Farewell!

## LETTER XXXV.

MYRA TO MRS. HOLMES.

BOSTON.

Your letter is filled with such ambiguous expressions that I am utterly at a loss to discover your meaning.

I have, however, sounded him on the article of marriage and the result is he loves Harriet most passionately, and on account of my father's aversion to early marriages will marry her privately in a few days.

## LETTER XXXVI.

## HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

I have just left Harriet — but how have I left her? In tears. I wish I had not gone. Mrs. Francis had entrusted Harriet with some



"I HAD OFTEN REMARKED A FEMALE SLAVE PASS MY WINDOW."

The oftener I read your letter, the more I am perplexed and astonished. "You have a tale to unfold" — for Heaven's sake, then, unfold it, before it be too late, and as you dread the consequences of keeping it secret, by disclosing it to me, you will prevent the mischief you so much deprecate. I am all impatience.

Adieu!

trifling commission; it was not done — she had not time to perform it. Harriet was reprimanded. Yes! by Heaven, this Mrs. Francis had the insolence to reprimand Harriet in my presence. I was mortified. I walked to the window — my heart was on fire — my blood boiled in my veins. It is impossible to form an idea of the disorder of my nerves. Har-

riet's were equally agitated. Mrs. Francis saw our confusion and retired. She left me so completely out of temper that I was forced to follow her example. I kissed away the tear from the cheek of Harriet and withdrew to my chamber.

Here let me forget what has passed. My irritability will not permit me. My feelings are too easily set in motion to enjoy long quietness. My nerves are delicately strung; they are now out of tune, and it is a hard matter to harmonize them.

I feel that I have a soul and every man of sensibility feels it within himself. I will relate a circumstance I met with in my late travels in South Carolina. I was always susceptible of *touches of nature*.

I had often remarked a female slave pass by my window to a spring to fetch water. She had something in her air superior to those of her situation — a fire that the damps of slavery had not extinguished.

As I was one day walking behind her, the wind blew her tattered handkerchief from her neck and exposed it to my sight. I asked her the cause of the scar on her shoulder. She answered composedly, and with an earnestness that proved she was not ashamed to declare it. "It is the mark of the whip," said she, and went on with the history of it, without my desiring her to proceed. "My boy, of about ten years old, was unlucky enough to break a glass tumbler — this crime was immediately looked into. I trembled for the fate of my child,

and was thought to be guilty. I did not deny the charge, and was tied up. My former good character availed me nothing. Under every affliction we may receive consolation; and during the smart of the whip, I rejoiced — because I shielded with my body the lash from my child; and I rendered thanks to the Best of Beings that I was allowed to suffer for him."

"Heroically spoken!" said I, "may He whom you call the Best of Beings continue you in the same sentiments. May thy soul be ever disposed to sympathize with thy children, and with thy brothers and sisters in calamity. Then shalt thou feel every circumstance of thy life afford thee satisfaction; repining and melancholy shall fly from thy bosom; all thy labors will become easy, all thy burdens light, and the yoke of slavery will never gall thy neck."

I was sensibly relieved as I pronounced these words, and I felt my heart glow with feelings of exquisite delight, as I anticipated the happy time when the sighs of the slave shall no longer expire in the air of freedom. What delightful sensations are those in which the heart is interested! in which it stoops to enter into the little concerns of the most remote ramification of nature. Let the vain, the giddy, and the proud pass on without deigning to notice them; let them cheat themselves of happiness. These are circumstances which are important only to a sensitive traveller.

Hail sensibility! sweetener of the joys of life! Heaven has implanted thee in the breasts of His children, to soothe the sorrows of



the afflicted, to mitigate the wounds of the stranger who falleth in our way. Thou regardest with an eye of pity those whom wealth and ambition treat in terms of reproach. Away, ye seekers of power, ye boasters of wealth; ye are the *Levite* and the *Pharisee* who restrain the hand of charity from the indigent, and turn with indignation from the wayworn son of misery. But Sensibility is the good Samaritan, who taketh him by the hand, and consoleth him and poureth wine and oil into his wounds. Thou art a pleasant companion, a grateful friend and a neighbor to those who are destitute of shelter.

From Thee! Author of Nature! from Thee, thou inexhaustible spring of love supreme, floweth this tide of affection and sympathy—Thou whose tender care extendeth to the least of thy creatures and whose eye is not in-

attentive even though a sparrow fall to the ground.

## LETTER XXXVII.

MRS. HOLMES TO MYRA.

BELLEVIEW, at 12 o'clock at night.

I cannot rest. This affair lies so heavy on my mind, that sleep flows from my eyelids. Your brother *must* discontinue his addresses to Harriet. With what should I not have to upbraid myself, if through my remissness your brother marries his sister! *Great God!* of what materials hast thou compounded the hearts of Thy creatures! Admire, O, my friend! the operation of *Nature* and the power of *sympathy*! Harriet is *your sister*! I dispatch the bearer at this late hour to confide in your bosom the important secret! Adieu!

(To be continued.)



## PROMINENT MEN IN THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE.

**THOMAS A. BAXENDALE** was born in Blackburn, England, Feb. 29, 1840, but was from very early boyhood identified with American life and all its associations. Oct. 3, 1871, he was united in marriage to Miss Esther Minerva Simmons of Brockton, Mass., and from thenceforward has been identified with the growth and prosperity of that enterprising city.

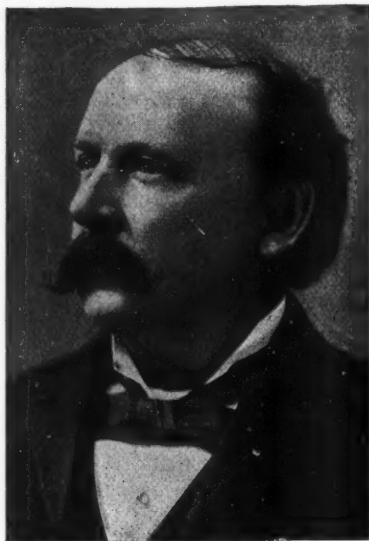
He began business there in 1872 at the old business stand which he now occupies, No. 93 Centre Street, as the pioneer in the manufacture of box toes of all kinds. Judiciously investing in the high lands westward from, but in near proximity to, the city's main thoroughfares, he is now the owner of several plats of the finest house-lots to be obtained in Brockton, and having a natural turn for improvement he has been among the foremost in building numerous fine rental residences, which embody all the elegance and luxury of real homes, available to the young business men of Brockton.

Mr. John Simmons of Brockton, brother-in-law of Mr. Baxendale, has most ably represented the box toe business outside among the shoe trade.

Mr. Baxendale has long been a member of the Home Market Club of Boston. He is also a member of the Brockton Commercial Club, the Congregational Club, the Old Colony Club of Cape Cod, a life

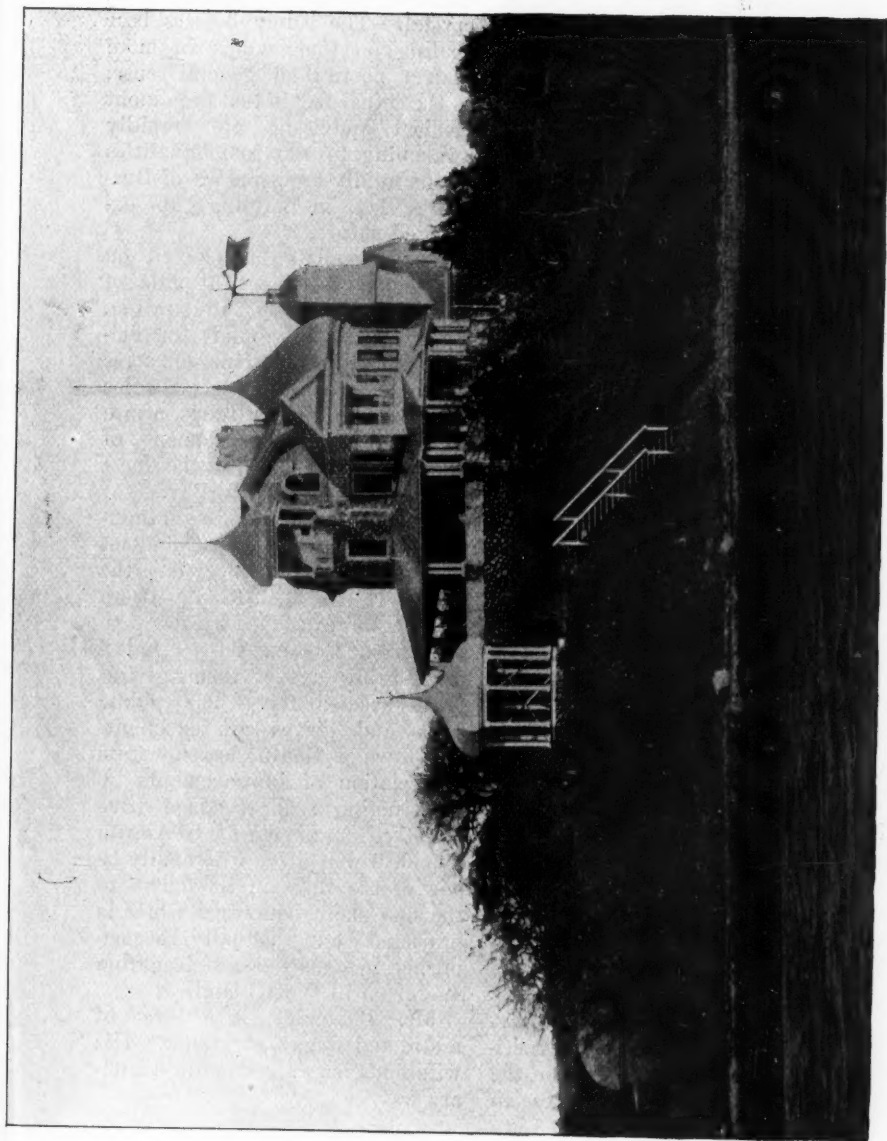
member of the American Missionary Association, also a member of the Masonic fraternity.

After twenty-two years of exceedingly close application to business, Mr. Baxendale has selected for himself a most romantic retreat, as a summer home, in a



THOMAS A. BAXENDALE.

most beautiful spot, a bold wooded promontory on the east side of Buzzard's Bay, just enough separated from the main land, to which it is connected by a solid carriage bridge of 250 feet, to be christened Amrita Island. The name "Amrita" is from the Hindoo, meaning "Life-renewing waters."



"ISLAND HAVEN," T. A. BAXENDALE'S SUMMER RESIDENCE ON AMRITA ISLAND.

The Baxendale coat of arms appears in bold relief above the portal as you ascend the long, broad granite steps. A white stork, the guardian genius of home, and the motto, "*Tutus ab Insuperis*" ("Safe from Snares"). Below this appears the inviting name of the home, "Island Haven," and surely it is no misnomer, all are made to feel so welcome. Off to the southwest lies the broad, open ocean with its never failing summer breezes; to the west, in the dim distance, the spires of New Bedford, Mattapoisett, Marion, and Bird Island Light, while near at hand the green wooded point of Scraggy Neck breaks the blue of the waters; beyond it Red Brook Harbor and Light House appear. To your right, and directly at your feet, lies the beautiful sheltered Squeteague Bay, dotted with sails, and embowered in the hills so that on its placid waters the frailest woman or child may sail or bathe in perfect safety. To the south, not a half mile away, lies the picturesque summer settlement of Megansett with its pier and clustering flock of sail boats, farther on the bold shores of Falmouth Heights, and in the dim blue distance Vineyard Sound.

The lover of piscatorial and aquatic sports finds his paradise right here, as the waters abound in fish of all descriptions. The bathing is luxurious as the warm waves lap the white sanded shore of the sheltered Squeteague Bay, while the bolder and more experienced have only to turn to the southwest to find themselves in the expanse of the open bay.

Springs of purest fresh water abound, trickling down the grassy bluffs, and bubbling up from the artesian wells, soft and clear as crystal. The balmy breezes bear healing on their wings in more than a poetical or general sense, as the actual fact is that prominent medical advisers are rapidly awakening to the tonic qualities of the mildly tempered air of Buzzard's Bay, in building up exhausted nature.

Mr. Baxendale has erected on the island the beautiful villa of which we give an illustration. Reserving ample grounds for himself he has platted some ten acres available as building lots, a series of slightly, rolling hill-tops, a rare opportunity for gentlemen of means to secure some of the finest shore sites on Buzzard's Bay.

Amrita Island lies fifteen minutes' walk from the Cataumet station and post office on the Woods Holl Branch R. R. There are six trains, each way, daily, to and from Boston, the "Dude" train being one of them, giving great accessibility. The public roads and drives are excellent. The town of Bourne has shown its appreciation of improvements by constructing a fine carriage drive directly from the station to Amrita Island, which drive will finally be one of the links in the chain to the fine shore boulevard which is projected and actually accomplished in some sections clear from Wareham to Woods Holl.

Mr. Baxendale is a lover of music and sings a fine tenor. His wife finds her recreation in a literary way.

S. V. A. HUNTER was born in New York City in 1834. At the age of seventeen he entered as clerk in the employ of Spofford, Tileston & Co. of that city, with whom he remained for the succeeding twenty-eight years. This large experience gave him a fine business education, which was taken advantage of by his friends in



S. V. A. HUNTER.

New York who were stockholders in the Goodyear Company, and when the old firm to which he had been attached so many years went out of business he was induced to come to Boston to take charge of the financial interests of what is now the Goodyear Manufacturing Company, in the capacity of secretary and treasurer.

In December, 1882, he was chosen general manager and in this new field he brought to bear

the business experience gained in his former work. By personal solicitation he brought the various machines of the company to the attention of the manufacturers throughout the United States, and by his well directed efforts succeeded in so far overcoming the unjust prejudice that existed against them that finally the machines were introduced in some of the largest factories in the country.

He was also a very efficient factor in encouraging new inventions and improvements on the original machines, and in a general way so regulated the business of the company as to establish it financially on its present successful basis.

Mr. Hunter is a man of great energy and strong will. His arduous labors and persistent efforts have been crowned with well merited success, and his ambition to make the Goodyear Company the largest shoe machinery company in the world has been fully realized.

ENOS HAWS REYNOLDS was born in 1834 in North Bridgewater (now Brockton). He attended the schools of that town and the Pierce Academy of Middleboro until his nineteenth year. Then he commenced shoe making, like many another Plymouth County youth, his first experience being with the firm of Howard & French, followed by employment by William E. Leonard, which ended with his deciding, at the age of twenty-three, to engage in business for himself. This he undertook in a portion of his father's house, which house, by the

way, he has occupied until quite recently, when he built one of more modern structure.

It was in 1857, that year of business disaster, that Enos H. Reynolds commenced business on his own account. During the first six months of his efforts for independent wealth, he employed no help, not even putting out cut leather to be put together by others. He cut, bottomed and finished the boots himself, and then went to Boston and sold them. But 1857 was a hard year, the small business he was enabled to do by such methods hardly paid him a living, and a change had to be made. So, emboldened possibly by the fact that he had sold all of the boots he had thus far made, he became an employer, hired ten or a dozen men, and at the end of another year was able to show a

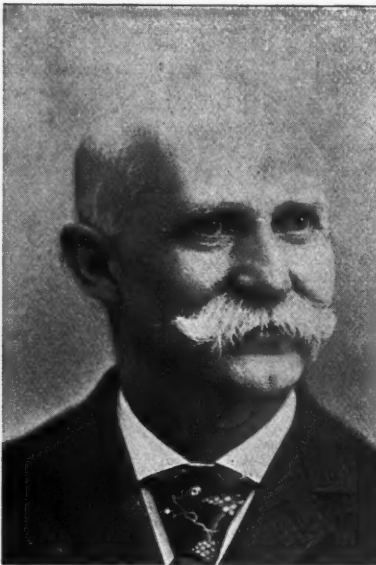
profit of \$1,500 to the good. Now he was making twelve cases a week.

In 1865 he became associated with Henry Parks and S. Gardner Jones under the firm name of Reynolds, Parks & Co. This company endured for four years, although Mr. Parks retired before the expiration of that period. With the formation of this firm the manufacture of shoes was added to that of boots, but it was not until a year or two later that the custom of putting out the bottoming ceased, and a gang-room was established in the factory. By this time the value of doing the work in the factory had been fully demonstrated by Daniel S. Howard and others. Prior to the formation of the firm of Reynolds, Parks & Co. the business had been transferred to the old Henry Howard shop, a building that then stood a short distance south of Mr. Reynolds' present factory.

The present Reynolds factory was built in 1875, and is a building seventy by thirty feet in dimensions, and three stories high. The capacity is two hundred and twenty-five pairs a day, and employment is given seventy-five hands.

On the road the factory is represented by three salesmen: W. F. Gabell, who has been with Mr. Reynolds eighteen years, in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa; Mr. Reynolds' son, Erwin E. Reynolds, in the Middle and Southern States; and W. C. Kohl in Kansas, Nebraska and the Northwest.

Mr. Reynolds has given much time to public affairs. He served, under town government, on the

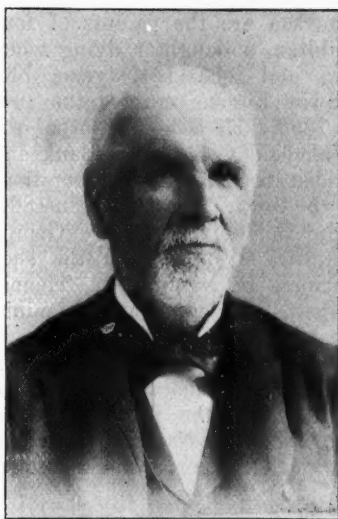


E. H. REYNOLDS.



school committee and as auditor. He was the first alderman from his ward under the city form of government, in 1882, and for two years, 1883-84, represented his district in the legislature. He was also a member of the board of city registration in 1883-84, and has served upon the water commission since 1885.

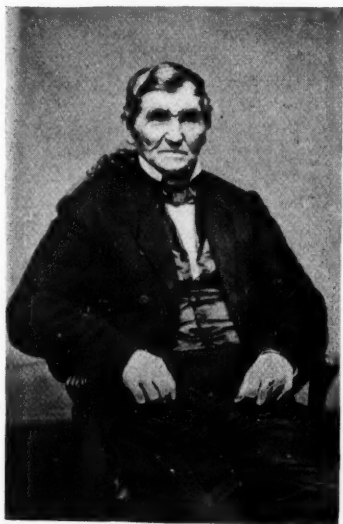
**THOMAS EMERSON, SR.**, has the honor of being the first shoe manufacturer. He was born in 1785, and in 1805, when twenty years of age, began making shoes. With his two sons and a grandson, who compose the present firm, they have been in business ever since, and are therefore the oldest house in the trade. Thomas Emerson, Sr., married Betsey Hartshorne, a native of Wakefield; two sons and three



THOMAS EMERSON.

daughters were the result of this union. He was town treasurer, representative and state senator during his active business life, and celebrated his golden wedding and his floral wedding. He retired from business in 1854, and died in 1871.

The older son, Thomas Emerson, senior member of the present firm, was born in South Reading (now Wakefield) in the year 1816. He received his early education in that town, attending school later in Reading, and finally graduated from Woburn academy. After leaving school he went into the factory with his father to learn the manufacturing business. He was admitted into the firm in 1837, up to this time being a member more than fifty-seven years. In 1840 he married Miss Emily M., daughter of Thomas Swain of South Reading. Mr. and Mrs.

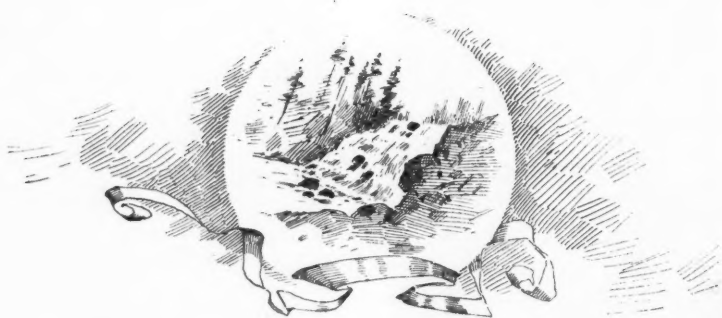


THOMAS EMERSON, SR.

Emerson are the parents of four children, a daughter dying when two and one half years old. Edwin Eugene entered the firm in 1866. He is a director of the Wakefield Coöperative Bank and is identified with other corporations of the town. He married, in 1867, Miss Sophie Hamden. George Dunbar, is engaged in the shoe business in New York. Thomas Albert, is a Congregational minister in Clinton, Conn.

In 1851, Mr. James F. Emerson, a brother of Thomas, Jr., was admitted into the firm. He is a director in the National Bank and various other corporations, was for

twelve years president of Wakefield Savings Bank, and has been treasurer of the town of Wakefield for thirty-five consecutive years. He has been married twice, his first wife being Miss Harriet O. Emerson and his second Mrs. Lucie Knight Wood. This firm has always led in the production of fine footwear. For years they have practically established the styles and sell to the largest retailers throughout the country. They were the first house to successfully operate a McKay sewer and have been instrumental in introducing many new varieties of leather.



## HISTORICAL PARALLEL COLUMN.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT.

*January, 1795.*

1. Within the last two months several of our vessels have been seized and carried into the Bermudas and there condemned, in consequence of the British Orders-in-Council, issued in June, 1793. Among them were the schooners "Patty," "Taylor," "Industry" and "Grozier," the last belonging to this port. Intelligence of this has been brought to Boston by the schooner "Little John," captain Homer, from the Bermudas, to which place she had been carried, detained for five days, and thence dismissed, without having been libelled.

Some excitement has been aroused by the fact, conveyed here by letters just received, that our minister has made complaints to the convention of the spoliation that has been visited upon our commerce by the French cruisers, which are in the habit of capturing almost every American vessel they meet with — taking out from them all the crew, with the exception of the captain and the mates — and sending them into France, where many have been detained from six to eighteen months, and some have even been condemned.

On this date the president issued a proclamation for the observance of the 19th of February as a day of thanksgiving, for the peaceful and prosperous condition of the country.

7. The following advertisement appears in one of the journals of the day: "A stranger, supposed to be from the Town of Temple, having come here with a team load of oars, being on business in the upper story of Mr. Thoreau's store, on Long Wharf, accidentally fell through a trap door, to the cellar of the building. No one has any knowledge of the person, and he still remains senseless, notwithstanding the ministering of every possible aid. This is therefore made public, in order that his friends may discover his situation and return him to his family."

An urgent demand has arisen that there shall be brought into general use here the

*January, 1895.*

2. The "general court" of Massachusetts — distinctive, in this name, from the legislatures of all other states in the American Union — met to-day. Hon. George V. L. Meyer, of Boston, was reelected speaker, and Mr. E. A. McLaughlin was again elected as clerk. The speaker delivered an excellent address, calling attention to the rapid yearly increase of legislative business, hazarding the prophecy that if that increase shall continue in the same ratio, for the next two or three years, it will be necessary for the general court to sit through the entire summer — and advising an obviation of this threatened danger by the enactment of general laws, broad enough in scope to render unnecessary the great multitude of special acts which are now constantly being urged, in the interest of various societies, companies and corporations. He alluded to the undoubtedly rapid growth of the sentiment in favor of biennial sessions.

By request of the speaker, Representative Roe, of Worcester, made a few very interesting remarks, with reference to the many associations that make up the history of the old hall of the house of representatives. Among other things he said: —

"Ninety-seven years ago, or on Thursday, the 11th of January, 1798, the legislature of Massachusetts assembled for the last time in the old capitol on State Street. The members were to march at noon to this new edifice, then just completed, on Beacon Hill. The structure that they were leaving had stood for fifty years from its reconstruction, following the fire of 1747. . . .

"The story of this period of ninety-seven years, told in full, fills wide alcoves of the state library. More than 16,000 different men have acted their parts here, whether long or short. . . . While affairs were directed by the few it was always a laudable ambition to hold a seat in this chamber. The legislature of Massachusetts is the oldest continuous legislative body in America, and holds a higher

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denominations of money established by the Federal Government, and that the terms "dollars" and "cents" shall be used, in place of "pounds, shillings" and "pence." The managers of insurance offices are disposed to adopt the custom, and the banks and most of the merchants have also agreed to do so.

10. Congress intends to propose a land tax, for the reduction of the national debt, and to be kept in operation for four or five years. On the ground that such a measure is unjust in its principle, expensive in its enforcement, and unequal in its effect, Samuel Dexter, Jr., has been urged as a candidate for Congress, by the farmers, who are in opposition to the idea; and he was duly elected from the Second Middle District, receiving 813 votes, to 808 that were cast for Mr. Varnum.

(This was Samuel Dexter, LL. D., who was born in Boston in 1761 and died in 1816. He was graduated from Harvard and became a lawyer. He was a member of the general court of the state, and afterwards in Congress both as a representative and a senator. In 1800 he was appointed secretary of war of the United States, and the following year he was made secretary of the treasury. In 1814 he was a candidate for governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated by his Republican opponent. He was the president of the first "Temperance Society" in the state. James Mitchell Varnum, born in Boston in 1749 and afterwards a very prominent man, both in the Revolutionary Army and in civil life, had been a member of Congress, having served there as a representative in 1780-82 and 1786-87.)

The secretary of war reports that in the building of the six frigates ordered by Congress great progress has been made. One each is being built at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Norfolk. The 44s are to carry 24 pounders; the 36s 28 pounders; and the remainder 12 pounders. It is hoped and expected that all of them will be ready by September, 1795.

The governor has been called to task, quite severely, for "choosing to forget," as it has been put, "to pray for, or to recommend prayers for, the prosperity of the general government." At the same time it is stated that

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rank in attainments and general worth. While the 'member from Cranberry Centre' has been the butt of wit and satire, take him all in all, he is a type of whom the world may well be proud. . . .

"Through this chamber passed every governor, after 1798, save nine. Of these, two had been members of the senate, and two, Morton and Washburn, came hither long after they had doffed the robes of executive office, the latter being in his old age the dean of the house, and dying while a member. So, then, of the whole thirty-one individuals holding the highest office in the state, only John Davis, Edward Everett, George N. Briggs, Alexander H. Rice and William E. Russell gained their place without having first seen some service in the legislature. . . .

"There have been thirty-two lieutenant governors, and of these only Elisha Huntington and John Nesmith failed to serve some time in one or both of the branches of the legislature. Five, namely, Phillips, Goodrich, Weston, Ames and Haile, were in the Senate only, while Plunkett, Brown and Trask came back, after their higher honors, to wrestle here.

Since 1798 thirty-two men have been United States senators from this state, and of these only Pickering, Davis, Everett and Sumner were in neither legislative body here. John Quincy Adams, Prentiss Mellen and Samuel Dexter were in the senate; while the other twenty-six were more or less in the house, and in the senate also.

"The same rule applies to the representatives in Congress, from Massachusetts. Of the present thirteen members only Wright, Apsley, Everett, Draper and Randall have not been in the house. The latter has served in the senate. . . .

"That longtime clerk of the senate, Stephen F. Gifford, exclaimed, when his friends were giving him his famous complimentary dinner, 'Who has made Massachusetts the best commonwealth on the face of God's earth, but the legislature of Massachusetts?'"

In the senate the Hon. William M. Butler, of New Bedford, was elected president, and delivered an apposite address, after which Henry D. Coolidge, of Concord, was unanimously reelected clerk, and Captain J. G. B.

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he took very good care not to "forget," on quarter day, to "call in the interest on the public paper of the government."

14. The people grumble because they are in great need of small coin, and cannot obtain cents from the offices of the mint. And the managers of the mint complain that they cannot get their cents into circulation, as they cannot prevail on the people to take them!

The building laws have been this day promulgated, whereby positive orders have been issued that no citizen shall hereafter build any house of wood.

16. The governor, Samuel Adams, delivered his inaugural address to the general court, in which he speaks, as of "very important business," of the fortification of certain harbors.

(Very few of our readers need to be reminded of the life and services of Samuel Adams. But for the information of those few it may here be written that he was born in Boston in 1722, and was one of the leading men of the American Revolution. His political leanings were early manifested, and on taking the degree of A. M., at Harvard College, in 1743, he maintained the affirmative of the question, "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved?" He intended at first to become a clergyman, but afterwards commenced a small business and was made collector of taxes. On all occasions he displayed an unflinching zeal for popular rights, and was elected to the legislature in 1766, by the patriotic party. He was a member of the first Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence. In framing the constitution of Massachusetts he took an active part, and was for several years president of the senate of this state. He was lieutenant governor from 1789 to 1794, and governor from that time till 1797. He then retired from public life, and on Oct. 2, 1802, he died, as poor in fortune as he had lived. He was a man of great courage and determination, and was prejudiced against Washington, whose "conduct of the war, and ignorance of military matters," according to his view, led him to think him weak and dilatory. He thought that the very great confidence reposed in Washington, as the first president of the republic, savored somewhat of aristocracy.)

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Adams was again chosen sergeant at arms, without a dissenting vote.

3. The house of representatives met to-day in their new and magnificent hall, and the occasion was made doubly interesting by the inauguration of Governor-elect Frederic T. Greenhalge, and the imposing ceremonies attendant thereon. There was an unusual clamor for admission, and the galleries were filled, when the house was called to order, at 11 o'clock, by people who occupied their time by observing with admiration the commodious and convenient chamber. The speakers' gallery was reserved for the wives of the governor and lieutenant governor and their lady friends, who were, among the prominent guests, the first to enter upon the scene. The governor and lieutenant governor came in soon after, preceded by the sergeant at arms, and followed by the members of the staff. The oaths of office were administered by President Butler of the senate, and due proclamation thereof was made by the secretary of the commonwealth.

The governor's address was the shortest that has for years come from any governor and yet it covered all the necessary ground and was conceived in sound discretion and good taste. It does not seem that he neglected any topic of importance, and its conclusions were such as on the whole have commended themselves to the citizens at large. He began by congratulating the people upon the apparent improvement in business conditions, and next referred to the ballot laws of the state, recommending in them greater convenience and simplicity, and the establishment of additional advantages for parties in the minority. Then he gave attention to the laws on taxation, and advised their consideration, with a direct view to their greater justice and equality. By his treatment of the subject of education it would seem that he does not regard the state tax as likely to be lessened this year; and from his account of the operations of the highway commission, and of the system of metropolitan parks, there seems to be an added probability of a heavy state tax, to which the city of Boston must contribute a large share. He seemed to be satisfied with the working of the license system, as regards the sale of liquor in the state, and to regard it as firmly established in

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Some of the citizens think that the town should be grandly illuminated, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, in honor of George Washington. But many others are opposed to the idea, using as an argument the fact that it will cost at least eight dollars to light up each house, and that there are about two thousand houses. One writes that "Washington will not be pleased with it. He will no doubt prefer that the money shall be spent by the householders for other more useful and necessitous purposes."

21. A petition, from the Messrs. Stowell, of Worcester, has been laid before the general court, in which they pray for assistance from the state, to enable them to engage in the manufacture of carpets, and call the attention of the legislature to a specimen of their work, accompanying their petition. They assert that this work can be done here at a much cheaper cost than that which prevails in Scotland.

Trouble is threatened in musical circles. Mr. Powell, the manager of the theatre, objects to allow one Mr. McGrath, a vocalist, to sing, for the reason that some trifling quarrel has arisen between them. One of the proprietors of the theatre is very indignant, and "rushes into print." He threatens to secure the revocation of the manager's lease, in case the songster is not permitted to entertain the patrons of the theatre.

Thomas Davis and Samuel Cooper have been appointed as a legislative committee, to contract for the business of the public printing for the current year.

A "Scholars' Ball" was given this evening, at the "Assembly Rooms," on Federal Street, by Mr. Dupont, and there was a very fine exhibition of dancing, in which the ballet, an ingenious and intricate invention of his own, gave much satisfaction to the large crowd who were there.

24. Special attention is called to the law regulating the transportation of gunpowder through the streets. It is specified that the dangerous article shall not be landed at any other place than at Tileston's Wharf or Hatch's Wharf; and conveyed thence, through Summer and Winter Streets, to the powder magazine.

27. The greater part of the time, in the

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its way of meeting what was once so puzzling a question. He decidedly approved of what has been arranged for and accomplished by the Boston Rapid Transit Commission, and said that from a "personal examination" he believes that it has "prosecuted the preparatory work with discretion and diligence." He recommended biennial sessions of the general court, and referred to numerous other subjects of state policy, with a moderation and conservatism of expression which were in keeping with the good judgment he generally displays. There was no effort at eloquence in his words.

John Newton Hyde, the illustrator, died this evening, at his home in Boston, at 60 Rutland Square. He was born in June, 1837.

4. From the report of the State House construction commissioners, received by the governor this morning, it is found that the total expenditures, up to Dec. 20, 1894, were \$2,173,480.66. Of this amount \$362,004.79 had been paid out during the last year. The total payments to Dec. 20, 1894, for lands on the east of the State House, for the proposed State House Park, have amounted to \$477,625.36. This includes \$75,000 paid for the Theological Library, on Mount Vernon Street. The payments for furniture for the new building amount to \$135,853.63.

5. The thirteenth annual meeting of the Industrial Art Teachers' Association was held in their hall to-day, when the topic for discussion, "Drawing in Science," was treated by S. T. Dutton, superintendent of the Brookline schools, A. C. Boyden, of the Bridgewater Normal School, and Miss Georgia Fraser, of Springfield. Dr. Samuel Elliott addressed the association, on "The Influence of Art in Public Education." The following new officers were elected; President, Mrs. Lucilla F. Maynard, of Springfield; vice president, Miss L. Rena McLaughlin, of Malden; secretary and treasurer, John A. Lane, 53 State Street, Boston.

Robert T. Swan, commissioner of public records, in his annual report to the legislature, has something of importance and interest to say, in respect to the public records of this city, the most striking paragraph in which is the following: "Boston is among the most



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house of representatives in the general court, to-day, was devoted to the consideration of the report of the committee, respecting the building of a new State House, and after considerable debate it was ordered, by a large majority, that measures in that direction should at once be taken, and a committee of five was appointed by the chair, to advise as to the most suitable place for building the same, and to report thereon.

28. There were brought to town to-day twenty-four lambs, weighing in the aggregate 1,172 pounds, and yielding 177 pounds of tallow, which sold for £46-6-11. They were raised by William Putnam, of Sterling, from twenty ewes.

A town meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, to appoint sixteen "good and lawful men" as petit jurors, to serve at the supreme judicial court, to be held at Boston in February.

29. One of the public journals says: "We now begin to see the direful effects of British importations and British depredations upon the trade and current specie of the United States. There is scarcely a dollar to be had. Not even at the banks, those emporiums of profits and of cash, can any coin be obtained, in exchange for their bills. If it were not for the current money of our good allies, the French Republic, the United States would at this moment be entirely drained of a silver currency."

The ship "Hibernia," from Havana, has arrived at Baltimore. She is said to have on board one million dollars.

31. The Tammany Society of New York issues an address to the people of the United States, in which they deny their recent practice of any political artifice, and are earnest and warm in the expression of their "endeavors to uphold the president and the country's laws." "The manifesto is signed by "John Little, Grand Sachem," and "Benjamin Strong, Secretary."

(There is another "Strong" in New York now, who has recently played a very important role in the history of Tammany. It is interesting to note that this ancient and still notorious if not famous emanation from that society is very much in line with many others which they have issued since that time, and in

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poorly equipped cities and towns in the state, so far as the safety of its records is concerned. Most of the records in the old Court House are not in safes and vaults, and there is no watchman in the building. No attempt at safety is made for any of the records of the assessors, and there is not sufficient room for them. Neither the treasurer, the auditor nor the collector has sufficient safe room."

Mayor Nathan Matthews delivered his valedictory to-day, from which it is learned that there has not been any extraordinary increase in the expenses of the city, during the past twenty years. In that period the expenses have increased only thirty-six per cent; the net debt has increased thirty-one per cent and the population forty-one per cent. During the past four years the city has lived strictly within its income, and no money has been borrowed for current expenses.

Mayor Matthews is entitled to a large degree of credit as a municipal officer. He has been thoroughly independent in action and earnest in conviction. He was entirely free from those embarrassing conditions which confronted his two immediate predecessors; and followed simply the plain construction of the law under which the mayor is the chief executive officer of the city, and responsible only to the people. By courageously following this conception of the law he has earned for himself unusual prestige. The people admire courage and independence, when wisely and properly directed.

A. M. Bridgman, a legislative reporter, has prepared a handy and useful little volume of biographical information, from which it appears that fifty-eight members of this year's house of representatives of the state were born since the beginning of the year 1860. Of the forty members of the senate fifteen are under forty years of age. Eleven senators are credited with a college education, and thirty-three members of the house. Five senators served in the army, during the Civil War, and there are thirty-five veterans in the house.

7. Mayor-elect Edwin Upton Curtis was this morning inaugurated with becoming ceremony, in the common council chamber at the City Hall, where the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Field. Alderman

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which they have strenuously "denied" the intention of any "political artifice." This name of "Tammany" was given to societies which existed in Philadelphia, New York and other cities, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, in honor of a Delaware chief, who died about that time. But that which was organized in New York, on the 12th of May, 1789, was the only one that survived and yet exists. The society was originally a "charitable" one, but it gradually became diverted to political uses, and in the hand of the Democratic party grew to be the recognized head of that organization in New York, and to occupy a position in local elections which ultimately became apparently impregnable. The "Tweed Ring" scandal, however, brought it into disrepute, but it revived much of its former power as the memory of that incident died away, although the political struggles of 1880 and of 1884 somewhat sapped its strength. The society made its headquarters for many years in a building which occupied the site of the New York *Sun* edifice, on Park Row. But it afterwards erected its present commodious building, in East Fourteenth Street, where its meetings are held in a very large hall. They have a committee in every assembly district in the city, together with a central committee numbering more than a thousand members. The latter committee controls the nominations, and to a large extent the party vote in the city, as well as to some degree throughout the state.)

The ship "Nancy," Captain Taylor, arrived to-day, bringing papers from England, up to the 16th of November last.

The chamber of commerce committee for January, 1795, are William Shattuck, William Deblois, Andrew Spooner, Joseph Barrell and Thomas K. Jones.

## NOTE ON JANUARY, 1795.

The receipts and expenses, for 1795, of the United States government, were, at this period, estimated to be as follows:—

*Receipts.*

Surplus, from 1794 . . . . .	\$842,425.38
Impost and Tonnage . . . . .	5,500,000.00
Excise, etc. . . . .	730,000.00
Surplus Bank Dividend . . . . .	50,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$7,122,425.38

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Sanford was elected chairman of the board of aldermen, and Christopher F. O'Brien was again chosen president of the common council. J. Mitchell Galvin was reelected city clerk. Major Curtis' inaugural address was a sensible and forceful presentation of many important civic questions.

The first important step so far taken, by a leading railroad company, toward equipping with electrical motors a portion of its lines, is the recent movement, by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Company, looking to the placing of motors on its Nantasket Beach and Warren and Bristol branches. The line, which is at present operated by steam, begins at Pemberton and continues to Nantasket Beach, and thence to the Old Colony House Junction and Hingham, a distance of eight miles.

At the annual meeting, this afternoon, of the Bostonian Society, Director Hamilton A. Hill reported that the organization now has 1053 members, a net gain of nineteen over last year. During 1894 seventeen thousand and sixty visitors wrote their names in the visitors' book in the old State House; 4,867 were Bostonians, 11,232 came from other states, and 961 were foreigners. In his report Mr. Hill paid tributes of respect to Samuel H. Russell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Robert Charles Winthrop and Dr. George E. Ellis. For officers the society elected: Clerk and treasurer, Samuel Arthur Bent; directors—Curtis Guild, Hamilton A. Hill, Joshua P. Bodfish, David H. Coolidge, John Lathrop, George O. Carpenter, Benjamin C. Clark, James E. Hunnewell, Levi L. Willcutt.

9. This evening, at the Hotel Brunswick, the Catholic Union of Boston, the representative organization of the Roman Catholic Church in Massachusetts, held its first formal banquet. The topic of the evening was "Religion the Safeguard of American Liberty," and the speakers were Vicar General Byrne; President John P. Leahy, of the Union; Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore; Gen. Francis A. Walker, president of the Institute of Technology; Ex-Gov. Alexander H. Rice and Hon. Thomas J. Gargan.

12. Five hundred women attended, at Concord, Mass., to-day, the meeting of the Con-

## NOTE—1795.

<i>Expenses.</i>		
For foreign intercourse . . . . .	\$40,000.00	Interest on Temporary Loan . . . . . 100,000.00
Civil List . . . . .	435,249.53	Military, including Navy and
Miscellaneous . . . . .	32,004.13	Militia, in late expedition . . . . . 2,940,655.74
Loan offices . . . . .	15,000.00	
Interest on Domestic Debt . . . . .	2,395,741.74	
Interest on Foreign Debt . . . . .	702,861.00	
		Leaving, at the close of 1795, a surplus of
		\$460,913.24.

## 1895—Continued.

cord branch of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in the Unitarian Church. Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, chapter regent, presided. Mrs. Winslow Warren read two letters, written by Revolutionary heroes. The first was addressed to General Warren by John Hancock, the day after the battle of Bunker Hill; the second was written by Gen. James Warren, to his wife in Watertown, on the same day. A paper on the old John Hancock house, in Bedford, was read by Mrs. Abram English Brown, of that place. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe told of the way in which she came to write the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Miss L. Emily Davis read a paper on the life of her great-great-grandfather, Captain Isaac Davis, the first man to fall at the old North Bridge in Concord. Reminiscences of John Hancock were read by Mrs. J. M. Bonton, of Cambridge, a sister of Mrs. Frederic T. Greenhalge. "Old Revolutionary Houses in Concord" were described by Miss Mary Farrar of Lincoln.

14. Senator George Frisbie Hoar was today, in joint convention of the two houses of the Massachusetts legislature, reelected for a full term from the fourth of March next, by the unanimous vote of the Republican members. Besides his worldwide reputation as one of our leading statesmen Senator Hoar enjoys the enviable distinction of being one of the most kind and generous of men.

The Boston Art Students' Association held its regular monthly reception this evening, at the Grundmann Studio building. Mr. Edward Robinson, of the Museum of Fine Arts, gave a most interesting lecture on the little Italian town of Viterbo, near Rome, illustrated by excellent stereopticon views.

The committee of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which is arranging

for the proposed visit of the corps to England, in June, 1896, held an enthusiastic meeting this evening, at the Parker House. One hundred and five members of the company have definitely stated their intention to make the trip.

From the annual report of State Treasurer Phillips it is learned that \$12,407,686.15 of the state debt has been wiped out during the year just passed. This includes the satisfaction of two sterling loans, paid in London on the 1st of January, 1895, amounting to \$2,805,537.25, and forms a larger sum than has ever been paid in any previous year, in the history of Massachusetts. This large amount has been paid from the sinking funds, amply providing for the several loans in each case, and of this amount about \$7,000,000 was payable in London. No other sterling bonds will become due until 1900, when the Boston, Hartford & Erie Railroad loan, amounting to £743,600, will be paid. The annual saving of interest by the maturing of the above named loans, is over \$620,000, partly offset, though, by the interest on new loans contracted, amounting to \$131,300.

20. William Randall Cremer, a Liberal member of the English Parliament, has recently met President Cleveland, by appointment, at the White House, and presented to him a memorial, signed by 354 members of Parliament, representing all shades of political opinion in Great Britain, proposing that all differences between that country and the United States which cannot be settled by the ordinary methods of diplomacy shall be submitted to arbitration. Mr. Cremer represented that the English government is favorable to the proposition. The memorial is an outgrowth of the sentiment voiced by legislators of both countries, affirming in a general way

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the principle of arbitration; and it is a direct result of our Senator Allison's resolution, introduced in the last session of Congress, providing for an arbitration treaty between English-speaking nations, to last for a term of twenty years. It is claimed that an example set in this line by Great Britain and the United States would be speedily adopted by other nations, and that in this way universal peace, and especially the tranquillity of Europe, might be assured.

Mr. Moses A. Read of Acton has recently received by mail a portion of the *Boston Chronicle*, printed in the fall of 1793, and containing an advertisement of the coming sale, "by public vendue," of the farm of his great-grandfather, "Joseph Read of Acton, deceased." One of the most curious notices in the paper is the offer of a reward for the recovery of a cow, "strayed or stolen from Boston Common." It also contains news of the marriage of Mr. John Fisher to "the amiable Miss Nabby Otis." Fifty dollars' reward is offered for information leading to the capture of Captain William O'Brian, who left the brig "Scapegoat" in the harbor of Cadiz, taking with him "considerable property not his own." Captain O'Brian had "fair, long hair," and "talked much." Mr. Joseph Sampson

announces that he has patented a method for regulating the sails of ships or windmills. "Hereafter," he says, "it will be unnecessary for sailors to go aloft to hand the sails; they may be sheeted home and furled from on deck." Near the market there was a shop advertising to sell "both flower pots and ladies' white kid gloves."

22. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, who was one of the blue bloods of Boston, resided in an old, elegant mansion on Mt. Vernon Street, now improved (?) for a genteel boarding house, where she gave her receptions. Her immense social influence called together those gatherings, principally composed of members of the Legislature, and doubtless brought about to a great extent the recognition of February 22 as a legal holiday. She gave them a splendid banquet, not omitting something choice from her well-stocked wine cellar, which no doubt had its effect in her efforts in that direction. I do not know that she made any public demonstration to accomplish the legal celebration of that date, but I do know that she was intensely patriotic, enthusiastic and very persistent and did more than any one else to make this an interesting and patriotic day of public observation.





**M**ELODRAMA seemed to die with the old year. In the last month of 1894, more than fifty per cent of all the plays that came to Boston were melodramatic—both the old style with its time-worn conventionalities, and also the new style, the “up to date” melodrama, which with a concession to the gallery, is principally an apology for a variety show. Call the play a farce, or even a burlesque, and the vaudeville character will pass muster. It is the same face under a different mask. It is in its Sunday clothes and has not quite the common aspect of the old time “variety show.” What matter, if the public thinks it is seeing a play? The public likes to be fooled.

What a change in '95! Instead of the great preponderance of melodrama, we find in January nothing notable in that line but Sutton Vane's “Humanity” and “The Wages of Sin,” both at the Bowdoin Square. Even the Grand Opera House management has felt the pulse of its patrons and turned from melodrama to variety. However slender the thread on which the specialties were hung, it sufficed for a support, and the hearty applause and frequent spontaneous laughter attested the delight of those present.

Julia Marlow, Rose Coghlan, the strong comedy dramas at the Columbia and Boston and the light operas of the Tremont, Boston Museum and Castle Square were the principal attractions of the month.

#### Calendar for January.

**BOSTON:** James A. Herne in the comedy drama, “Shore Acres.”

Jan. 21. Rush City.

**BOWDOIN:** “Humanity” (three weeks' run).  
Dec. 14. “The Wages of Sin.”

**CASTLE SQUARE:** Louise Beaudet in “Jacinta,” opera bouffe running until Jan. 7 (two weeks).

Jan. 7. Louise Beaudet in “The Dragoon's Daughter” (two weeks).

Jan. 21. Joseph Haworth in repertoire appearing in Hamlet, Rosedale and Richelieu (two weeks).

**COLUMBIA:** Dec. 31. “The Amazons” by A. W. Pinero.

Jan. 7. “The New Woman” by Sydney Grundy (two weeks).

Jan. 21. Canary and Ledyrer's “The Passing Show,” from the New York Casino.

Jan. 28. “The New Boy.”

**HOLLIS:** Julia Marlowe Taber in repertoire (three weeks).

Jan. 21. Rose Coghlan in repertoire (one week).

Jan. 28. “The Girl I left behind Me.”

**MUSEUM:** “Westward Ho” in a long run.

**KEITH'S:** Vaudeville.

**GRAND OPERA:** Dec. 31. J. B. Mackie in “The Side Show.”

Jan. 7. C. N. Bertram's Comedians in the farce comedy, “Hoss and Hoss.”

Jan. 14. “The Man without a Country.”

Jan. 28. Ward and Vokes' "Run on the Bank."

PARK: Protracted run of Mr. Hoyt's popular play, "A Black Sheep."

TREMONT: Lillian Russell (two weeks) in "La Grande Duchesse."

Jan. 14. William Hoey in "Flams."

Jan. 28. The Kendals in various new plays.

Probably the greatest dramatic interest of the month centered in the annual engagement of Julia Marlowe at the Hollis. Her repertoire was as follows: First week — Monday and Tuesday evenings and Saturday matinee, "The School for Scandal"; Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday evening, "Twelfth Night." Second week — Monday and Saturday evenings "As You Like It"; Tuesday evening, "Much Ado about Nothing"; Wednesday evening, "Ingomar the Barbarian"; Thursday and Friday evenings, "The Belle's Stratagem" and "Chatterton" (by Ernest Lacy); Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet." Third week — Monday evening (double bill) "Pygmalion and Galatea" and first time here of Robert Browning's drama, "Colombe's Birthday"; Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, "The Love Chase"; Thursday and Friday evenings (triple bill) Malcolm Bell's romantic play "Rogues and Vagabonds," Ernest Lacy's one-act tragedy, "Chatterton," and Robert Browning's drama, "Colombe's Birthday"; Saturday afternoon, "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Rogues and Vagabonds"; Saturday evening "Ingomar."

The hit of the first week was made in "Ingomar" when the house was packed and the orchestra, as usual, under the stage. In fact the orchestra has been out of sight most of the three weeks of Julia Marlowe's repertoire. Her Parthenia is too well known to need comment. It is enough that it affords her a full opportunity for the display of all the distinctively feminine traits of innocence, trust, grace and beauty. Mr. Taber's Ingomar was grand.

A completely different style of piece and acting was presented the second week in Ernest Lacy's condensation into one act of "Chatterton." This was repeated the third and last week of her repertoire in the triple bill on Thursday and Friday which was awaited

with much interest, though each of the plays had been given earlier in the season. That they would bear repetition was attested by the large audience and the fact that Browning always gains by rereading.

The dramatization in one act of Browning's five-act poem, as well as a reproduction of such an effort after forty years' silence, was courageous to say the least. That Browning is difficult when read for purposes of elocution goes without saying. If the heart be not in it the emphasis is wellnigh impossible. The heart makes clear what the empty word leaves obscure. The dramatization was, in the main, true to Browning's idea, though the action in the love scene between Valence and Colombe was at times misleading to a stranger to Browning — truth being again, as everywhere, sacrificed to dramatic effect.

Mr. and Mrs. Taber in their respective roles retained plainly the sympathy and attention of the audience and "Colombe's Birthday" scored a success. So much may scarcely be said of the other new part assumed this year by Mrs. Taber — "Lady Teazle." In "Colombe's Birthday" she was true to herself and the loyal Duchess of Cleves. The scenery and costuming of the entire piece were very effective. Mr. Coleman acted the part of the Prince Berthold, the claimant of the duchy.

The third of the triple bill was "Rogues and Vagabonds" in one act, Malcolm Bell's dramatic episode — Julia Marlowe acting the strolling player, Charles Hart, and bringing the backward lovers together by playing on their jealousy in a very effective style.

Mr. Piner's "Amazons" has won such popularity both at the New York Lyceum and at the Hollis in Boston as to merit another visit here at the Columbia. Those who stayed away through the proverbial fear of a second cast, lost a good thing. There appeared to be no falling off in excellence, but at times rather a gain. It remained half of January, with Miss Johnstone Bennett as Thomasine. No more refined impersonation of a male part could be conceived. Misses Odell and Eilson as Noel and Billy were also excellent in their different ways — though intentionally giving their feminine traits more prominence. They looked too pretty for male characters.

The comic opera, "Westward Ho," by Richard D. Ware, music by Benjamin E.



Woolf, contains a new idea, different even from Kingsley's novel. It applies Horace Greeley's advice to the weaker sex, and represents a Utopia in Wyoming created by the influx of Eastern girls, who, devoted to woman suffrage, have cleared the town of the desperado elements, and even fill political offices. Like "The Politician" and "The New Woman," Mr. Ware has treated with skill the emancipated woman, and sacrificed enough truth to meet the demands of humor. The pretty women of the town look charming in their semi-masculine attire, of which the neatly fitting knickerbockers produced the most characteristically male effect. Miss Annie Lewis, in this attire, made a most executive president of the Y. W. I. C. C., Miss Anne Sutherland a prosecuting attorney, and Miss Fannie Johnston, a strapping young sheriff—altogether too charming and handsome for such an unpleasant office. Mr. J. H. Riley as the English earl makes the hit of the evening for his impersonation, while Messrs. Marion and Davenport played the soft-hearted desperado and gambler acceptably to the audience. Mr. Clinton Elder as Reginald had by far the most opportunity for display of vocal power, most of the members being rather subdued in scope.

The libretto is naturally subordinate to the score and only to be considered as its vehicle. The opera is one which we are glad to have seen and if it did not move as smoothly as a well-established opera, it gives promise of a good future.

At the Tremont there was also opera. Lillian Russell in Offenbach's "Grand Duchess" received an oration. The opera needs no comment. Its burlesque character in the courting scene revealed more courting than courtliness. To sum up the lasting impression of the fair Lillian, in one word, she is simply "stunning." Her sabre song, and particularly the *encore* rendered in French, were the best received; also the lines bearing a personal application to herself. The opera, a dream of fair women—little of brave men. Messrs. Digby Bell and Sidney Howard gave their *roles* distinct character and delighted the audiences with their respective burlesque inflections and lispings. The rest of the cast was acceptable; the chorus excellent in its musical numbers.

The other operas of the month appeared at the Castle Square—two weeks of "Jacinta," two of "The Dragoon's Daughter." The former, laid in Mexico, was beautiful in scenery and costumes. The Spanish red and yellow were constantly in evidence and there was much local color given to the treatment. Mademoiselle Beaudet, charming both in song and person, was the particularly bright and shining star of the cast. The famous dancer, Lola Iberri, received nightly an enthusiastic reception and introduced her so-called "whirlwind dances" characteristic of Calve and Carmencita.

"The Dragoon's Daughter," a comic opera in three acts, by I. W. Norcross, Jr., music by Herman Perlet, ends the lists of operas for January. It received here its first production on any stage, and though characterized by many improbabilities in plot and too much horseplay, it drew immense and appreciative audiences.

The following is the cast: Jeanette, a waif, Louise Beaudet; Camilla, an actress of the Opera Comique, Bertha Ricci; Marchioness of Montembreche, Jennie Reiffarth; Mignon, companion to Camilla, Marienne Convere; Jean, a waif, Jay Taylor; Baron Champignon, William Wolfe; Chevalier D'Algernon, Harry Brown; Martel, a peasant lad, Stuart Harold; Cric Crac, a town crier, J. McWade; Printemps, a valet, P. Musaeus; The Notary, Arthur Wilson; Innkeeper, James Tucker; Teresa, Nanette, Paquita, Babette, Celeste and Beatrix, country maids—Susie Winner, Julie Burne, Alice Green, Alleen Bertelle, Annie King and Bertha Wilson. Professors, guests, peasants, pupils, etc.

Rose Coghlan and her own company of players, including Mr. John T. Sullivan, appeared for one week at the Hollis in "The Princess Walanoff," "Diplomacy" and "Forget-me-not." "The Princess Walanoff" has received a change in name only from its New York *alias* "Nemesis." The management wisely substituted on Friday evening Miss Coghlan's specialty, "Forget-me-not." Both in this and in "Diplomacy" she is well known to Boston theatre-goers. The scenes are constantly reminiscent of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Diplomacy" and others of that ilk. The final climax is highly dramatic where resort to fear is made indispensable. It is an exam-

ple of an effective turning of the tables on an enemy—a contest of diamond cut diamond.

"The Passing Show" at the Columbia is a most timely production of the champagne order. It is full of snap, sparkle and fizz. It meets the popular desire for amusement. It rests, diverts and entertains in an uncommon way. Its varied character is self-evident when it is remembered that the play, with no bothersome plot, is a succession of hits on all the passing shows of the day. Both grand opera and comic opera, comedy, tragedy, society plays—in fact anything on the stage is satirized. Particular allusion is made to such plays as Pinéro's and Mr. Grundy's, Gilbert and Sullivan's, James A. Herne's and all the leading New York plays. Lillian Russell's family affairs are discussed, and the living pictures are burlesqued by many that are "very living."

Written by Sydney Rosenfeld, music by Ludwig Engländer, it delighted the audience sufficiently to warrant a long run. Though for the first time here, the New York Casino knows it well. Its principal entertainers were John E. Henshaw, George A. Schiller, Charles J. Ross, William Cameron, Vernona Jarbeau, Lucy Daly, Silvia Thorne, Madge Lessing, May Ten Broeck and La Petite Adelaide. The motto of the play was "It's a good thing. Push it along." Being automatic (though not mechanical), it is "a sure go."

The first week at the Grand Opera was taken up with a variety show of the farcical order, called "The Side Show." It is pronounced Mr. James B. Mackie's latest success. Its title is simply an apology for a series of specialties to meet the taste of the patrons of this house.

One of the strongest plays of the month was "The New Woman" at the Columbia. Mr. Grundy's clever satire was epigrammatic and Frenchy. Dealing with the marriage problem, the question of sex against sex, the estrangement of husband and wife and the modern ideas of womanhood, it was naturally "up to date" and smacked of the divorce court. But it justly held the ultra woman movement up to ridicule. Being given for the first time in the city, we append the cast: Gerald Cazenove, Mr. Arthur Forrest; Col. Cazenove, Mr. E. M. Holland; Capt. Jack Sylvester, Mr.

C. J. Richman; James Armstrong, Mr. Reuben Fax; Percy Bysshe Pettigrew, Mr. Thomas Terriss; Wells, an old butler, Mr. Harry Hollday; Lady Wargrave, Mrs. D. P. Bowers; Margery (by courtesy of Mr. Charles Frohman), Miss Annie Russell; Mrs. Sylvester, Miss Virginia Harned—her first appearance here with this company; Miss Enid Bethune, Miss Madeline Bouton; Miss Victoria Vivash, Miss Georgia Busby; Dr. Mary Bevan, Miss Emily Seward.

"Rush City" at the Boston Theatre was a capital variety show enthusiastically received. J. Sherrie Mathews and Harry Bulger were the principal comedians.

Mr. Haworth's Hamlet was greeted the opening night by a cheering throng with floral offerings and other marks of enthusiasm for this popular actor. The governor graced the scene with his presence, the occasion proving a decided social event and attended by a distinguished and discriminating audience. Mr. Haworth's work as Hamlet was particularly pleasing—probably his very best work, even more suited to him naturally than Rosedale in which he has scored such a success. His slight variations in stage business and interpretation were interesting and effective, and his readings conscientious. He is justly called Mr. Booth's successor, and it may rightly be added that he is the greatest living impersonator in America of this immortal rôle.

Mr. Haworth's Rosedale packed the house, like his Hamlet. The occasion was not so brilliant socially nor the play so exacting in its demands upon the star. But each play has its respective merits. Mr. Haworth succeeds in losing his own identity in the part of the rollicking officer, Eliot Gray, and that is the highest praise. Though not the Eliot Gray of Lester Wallack, he was charming in love making, bright in humor, and excellent in song. Setting, costuming and support were also good.

#### February Bookings.

BOSTON: Wilson Barrett in "The Manxman" (three weeks). Of the half dozen new bills for February but one is presented for the first time. This is Mr. Barrett's dramatization of Hall Caine's powerful novel, "The Manxman." The play of the same name is a tragedy in private life

— the ruin of a man's domestic life, ruined through trust in his friend. The scene is the Isle of Man; the hero, Pete Quillan; the heroine, Kate, the daughter of his employer. In the pursuit of wealth Pete leaves Kate in the care of a friend, whose name, Philip Christian, belies his character. This Christian betrays at once his trust and the girl, so that Pete, simple-minded fool, on return from the diamond mines unsuspectingly marries his disloyal sweetheart, only to be later betrayed, rendered *cocu* and deserted for Philip Christian. Try as he will the husband cannot long keep untarnished the reputation of his wife, and a powerful climax is afforded Mr. Barrett when the three persons meet in the grand *dénouement*.

In the cast are Miss Maud Jeffries as Kate, T. W. Percyval, Horace Hodges, Ambrose Manning, George Howard, T. Bolton, Stafford Smith, C. Derwood, Marcus St. John, W. Grainger, Maud Jeffreys, Maud Hoffman, Daisy Belmore and Miss Elma.

BOWDOIN: "The Prodigal Daughter," a modern sporting drama. There are strong scenic effects, and dramatic climaxes that will undoubtedly pack the house with an enthusiastic audience. Over one hundred people are in the cast, among them Miss Mary Anderson of Salem.

CASTLE SQUARE: "Aladdin Jr." (for the whole month), is to succeed Mr. Haworth. It will be presented by David Henderson's big extravaganza company.

COLUMBIA: "The Passing Show."

HOLLIS: "The Girl I left Behind Me" — a revival of the play given last season for three months at the Columbia Theatre. The cast is in part the same.

Later one of Boston's leading comedians, Nat Goodwin, will appear in his latest play, "David Garrick."

MUSEUM: "Westward Ho," still running, and destined to have a phenomenal run. Though on its sixth week, its bright, catchy music delights as much as ever. Anne Lewis, Anne Sutherland, Fannie Johnston, Clinton Elder, J. N. Ryley, George F. Marion and Henry Davenport

are names that guarantee an interesting evening.

KEITH'S: Vaudeville. Unusually strong attractions, among which are the educated dogs so long playing in New York, that discharge their duties as though born to it and possessed of human intelligence.

GRAND OPERA: Jan. 28. "The Power of Gold," a melodrama of the English type, depicting life and vices of the London metropolis, showing the honest struggle of the poor and the dishonest greed of the rich. There is a vast amount of scenery and all the appurtenances of realistic drama.

Feb. 4. Effie Ellsler in "Doris," a domestic play by one of the foremost emotional actresses of the day. "Hazel Kirke" and Miss Ellsler are associated together.

Feb. 11. William Collier in "One of the Boys."

Feb. 18. Peter Daily in "The Country Sport."

Feb. 25. Chauncy Olcott in "The Irish Artist."

PARK: A continued run of the popular "Black Sheep." The rôle of Lida Skidons will be assumed by Miss Irene Perry, once with E. E. Rice in Boston.

TREMONT: The Kendals for two weeks in Tom Taylor's romantic play, "Lady Clancarty." Conventional marriages among the highest classes of English nobility being common in the seventeenth century and the Sunderland-Clancarty marriage (ages twelve and fourteen) being described by Macaulay, this fact is made a basis for the play. It is also combined with their later meeting and an historical account of the assassination plot of 1696.

Feb. 11. De Wolf Hopper in the new version of "Cinderella at School," now known as "Dr. Syntax." Mr. Hopper in the title rôle is said to have the best of all his parts. The company with him includes Cyril Scott, Alfred Klein, Edmund Stanley, Alice Hosmer, Edna Wallace Hopper, Bertha Waltzinger and Jennie Goldthwaite.

Feb. 25. The Bostonians in "Prince Ananias." William Castlemon a *protégé* of

Henry Watterson, is the latest addition to the Bostonians. When W. H. MacDonald does not appear, Mr. Castlemon sings the title *rôle* in the new comic opera, "Prince Ananias."

Later the Bostonians will probably present here "Robin Hood" and "The Maid of Plymouth."

WILLIAM T. STRONG.

### MUSICIANS AND MUSIC.

BY far the most important musical event of the holiday season was the performance on Christmas morning of Signor Rotoli's new mass, which was given by his choir in St. James Church, Harrison Avenue. The production of a great work is something not to be lightly passed over, and I am greatly in error if the Rotoli mass do not deserve to be characterized as great, displaying as it does, not merely the most profound scholarship and absolute mastery of musical science, but a loftiness of thought, an originality of treatment and a wealth of noble thematic ideas that lift it far above the ephemeral and ordinary.

Signor Rotoli's wide experience in the service of the Roman church has enabled him to present a work that may be accepted as an example of genuine church music. His effects are produced without other instruments than the organ, tympani and 'cellos to aid the voices, as the full orchestra is very seldom used in any of the Italian churches and *never* in the Basilica.

A prelude containing the principal themes and deeply devotional in spirit, precedes the Kyrie, which is a devout and tender prayer with passages of great nobility and beauty. The Gloria opens with a magnificent burst of sound, a splendid rainbow of full organ, voices, 'cellos and tympani, followed by the hushed reverence of the *Laudamus te* in chorale form. Again the triumphant Gloria, then the majestic theme of the Dominus Deus, the aspiration of the Qui Sedes (written for quartette) and once more the glorious volume of sound from full choir and organ. The Miserere is the cry of a breaking heart. One is conscious of a tightening of the muscles of the throat, only to listen. The Quoniam, a

dignified and effective number in double canon, is followed by a brief Amen that is positively electrifying. And then the Credo! One forgets to think—he only feels, while listening to the Credo. It is not until it is all over that he draws a long breath and says, "That is genius—or inspiration!"

It takes the priest's intonation of the words, "Credo in unum Deum patrem," for its theme, and this original idea is developed into a series of most dramatic and powerful effects. After the introductory phrases, a striking effect is produced by a *parlate* passage in which the choir speaks—as if, in a transport of religious feeling, it had forgotten to sing and murmured its confession of faith—"Credo in unum Deum patrem!" There is then a tenor solo with accompanying chords reiterated at intervals in a tremendous "Credo!" from all the voices and full organ. A bass solo on similar lines follows, then the "Genitum non factum" an angelic chorus for women's voices; the Incarnatus is a solo for soprano and contrasts strongly with the Crucifixus, which is one of the most stirring passages in the entire work and intensely dramatic in construction. The varying tones in which the populace cry "Crucify him," produce a thrilling effect. In the fierce denunciatory voices of the bass, the wavering compassion of the tenor, the wondering horror of the alto, the pleading sorrow of the soprano, we can almost see the surging crowd. Then some transition strains and again the triumphant "I believe."

The Sanctus is a melodious and original number, suggesting the "carillon" or strokes of the church bell, and leads into the Agnus Dei with its infinite tenderness and reverence. The first "Agnus Dei" is sung by a solo tenor, the second by baritone, the third by a quartette of voices which merges into the full-voiced, grand Amen.

Such a work as this should not be allowed to remain within the church. It belongs to the world. The Handel and Haydn Society would add to the obligations which we already owe, if it should present Signor Rotoli's Festival Mass, during the winter, and in so doing would honor the society no less than the composer.

RENE S. PARKS.



# AUTHORS AND BOOKS

## Elena, the Story of a Russian Woman.

In this confessedly interesting tale the author says, in his "word of explanation," that he has "tried, on the whole, to make most of the events, most of the men and women engaged in working out the plot of this novel, closely resemble actual portraits of life, but whether I have succeeded in presenting an interesting picture that will engage the attention and excite the curiosity of the public I must leave to my critics and readers to decide." Most of those critics and readers will probably agree that while his narrative does not lack interest of a certain kind, and while its plot undoubtedly appeals to the sensational and realistic, he goes too far in his preaching of the worldly gospel that the ends to be subserved will justify the means employed for their attainment. No doubt some of the pictures that he draws are true to the methods and manners that obtain in Russia. But whether their delineation here, in agony that is thrilling and long drawn out, endues us with a proper appreciation of the real condition of that unhappy country, is a question that must be left to the moralistic censors of the day.

["Elena," by ROBERT APPLETON. New York: G. W. Dillingham.]

## Love-songs of Childhood.

This is a very pretty volume, bound in blue and silver, from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. The jewels of its contents are in keeping with their beautiful case.

What can be sweeter than the perpetual presence of the little ones, exemplified by these songs of babyhood and juvenility? They abound with the exuberant fancy of their author, Eugene Field, and cover a wide range of character and varied styles of verse. From

the "Rock-a-by Lady" of infancy to the "Over the Hills and far away" of eager, budding manhood, they breathe the natural language of the heart and revive the most loving and sacred memories of the past. The children of the present day will no doubt revel in the enjoyment they will afford, and will remember and cherish them, even as they advance into the realms of serious thought and the busy, crowded moments of active life.

["Love-songs of Childhood," by EUGENE FIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

## The Missing Chord.

This is a very clean and pretty story of social life in a foreign land, and as a first literary effort certainly deserves more than a modicum of praise. The author, Lucy Dillingham, gives evidence of an earnestness, elevation and directness of thought which are but seldom met with in one's early work. Here and there can be perceived that lack of practice in construction and in characterization which in new beginners is but a common fault. There is very often apparent, however, the glow of youth and the sparkle of a bright and gifted mind, which lend to reading much of its supremest charm. Art student life in Germany is graphically and familiarly described, and the pages are pervaded with a sympathetic appreciation and love of art, and a hearty enthusiasm for it in its manifold attractive forms. The story is told in a style quite vigorous and incisive, and bears proof of the utmost sincerity; giving assurance that the writer has at least been true to her individual convictions, and kept faith with her own heart.

["The Missing Chord," by LUCY DILLINGHAM. New York: G. W. Dillingham.]



### Up and Down the Nile.

This is the third volume of the second series of the "All Over the World Library" in which the voyage of "The Guardian Mother" is temporarily suspended at Alexandria, while the boy-excursionists make their trip up and down the great river of Egypt in another steamer, more suitable for inland navigation.

The author understands the art of awakening youthful ambition. He knows how hungrily every boy devours a book of travel and adventure; and how, by a discreet mingling of facts and fancy, even a sluggish mind can be taught to appreciate some of the best things in literature.

The exploration of such a country as Egypt, with its delicious climate, its rainless skies, its extraordinary testimonials of ancient grandeur, revealing the artistic taste, the astonishing mechanical skill, and the wonderful patience, perseverance, and persistency in overcoming almost incredible difficulties that existed thousands of years ago, would seem to furnish abundant interest even for young readers without the stimulant of the story. But to make the voyage with Oliver Optic and his hero is indeed a treat.

The pyramids, the rock tombs, and the ruins of the temples, more or less decayed by the stroke of three thousand years or more of time, have been described so far as space would permit. Cairo and Alexandria have not been neglected, and the manners and customs of the medley of people in Egypt have received attention in such a manner as to enlist and hold the interest of the youthful reader to the end.

["Up and Down the Nile, or Young adventurers in Africa," by OLIVER OPTIC. Boston; Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.]

### Theatrical Sketches.

Anecdote is always welcome to the virile mind. It relieves the tedium of thought, and lends a piquant and refreshing flavor to the dull and uninteresting generalities of life. In this charitable spirit, and no doubt as a timely tribute to their talent and their fame, the author of this little volume—herself perhaps having "strutted" her "brief hour on the stage"—has embodied many stories, of a pleasing kind, of such great masters of dra-

matic art as Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, Louis James, Kyle Bellew, Dion Boucicault and Maurice Barrymore. She needed not to disguise her personality under the *nom de plume* of "Margaret," for her sketches are amusing and entertaining, and, best of all, apparently most probable. There is no straining for effect in the style she has employed. Her method is natural and engaging, and her book will doubtless be read with pleasure and satisfaction.

Truthful delineation of life "behind the scenes" has for the outside world an unusual fascination. Like that "fierce light" which "beats upon a throne" the glamour in which our idols of the stage "live, move, and have their being" shines far beyond the green room and their mimic homes. It sheds a beckoning radiance, in which we admiring mortals most love to bask. The tinge of realistic mystery which shrouds the scenes and incidents of their daily lives has for us a peculiar charm, akin to that with which we invest our statesmen and warriors. In "Margaret's" uniquely bound booklet the veil is lifted for awhile, and to common ken is unfolded, in attractive guise, the methods and the manners which prevail among them while relieved from the labor of the stage.

["Theatrical Sketches," by "MARGARET," New York: The Merriam Company.]

### Hidden Depths.

The writer calls this a "tale for the times" but seems to be doubtful of the spirit in which it may be received. In his preface the publisher says that while "Anthony Comstock considers it a volume that can serve no good moral purpose," a noted Christian philanthropist and member of the British Parliament, William Shepherd Allen, endorses it as "strong in the cause of justice, mercy and truth."

It would seem that to the idle and the flip-pant there would be no good purpose of any kind subserved by the reading of the book. But to those who are anxious to better the world and to improve its customs, by weeding out all wicked practices, it will be regarded as a story—somewhat overdrawn, and too greatly lengthened in its telling—that can, at the present day, be read with profit and instruction.



The story has come to us across the ages of a Roman matron who plunged a dagger into her heart rather than live dishonored. In like manner did the heroine of this story encompass her own death. To-day, right at our doors, many a betrayed woman struggles on, in poverty and obscurity, brave enough to live in want and crushing toil—too brave to die by her own hand—bearing in her soul a conscious purity to which is due the homage of heaven and of earth.

All of us are forced to think, with hearts full of anguish, of the thousands of betrayed women in our land. But who can number the great concourse of men who are lost in the same sense, many of them in a deeper, darker gulf, not only lost themselves but while with shameless effrontery standing in positions of honor before the world, dragging innocent victims down to a fate that is worse than death.

Those who believe that there should be the same law—both punitive and social—for the betrayer as for the betrayed, will not agree in the opinion that there is no room in the moral world for publications of this kind.

["Hidden Depths," by F. M. F. SKENE. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.]

#### Cicero, and the Fall of the Roman Republic.

So far as we have been able to examine it this seems to be the crowning work in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, edited by Evelyn Abbott, M. A., Fellow of Baliol College. Most publications of this kind are for the student, rather than the general reader. But in this case the matter and the manner are of a most attractive nature, and the book summarizes, in a connected and readable narrative, the results of a great deal of research and patient inquiry. The actors it portrays, besides its central figure, are world renowned personages. The parts they played were important episodes in the fortunes of the most powerful nation of ancient times. And so striking and lifelike is the delineation of their actions that even those who, by the aid of history, are familiar with their stories, watch with absorbed attention the progress of the drama, onward to the catastrophe for which they are already prepared.

The purpose of the writer is most admirably carried out. It is "to tell the story of Cicero's life, and at the same time to set forth from his writings a presentation of the concluding age of the Roman Republic, and to record the disastrous but not inglorious failure of the last free state of the ancient world." He lets Cicero himself, "the most eloquent of all the sons of Romulus," speak, by his writings, to his readers. The narrative is one of singular clearness, directness and simplicity, and is relieved with frequent touches of a quaint and racy humor. The style is remarkably vigorous and incisive, and gives evidence throughout of the most impartial and thorough sincerity.

["Cicero, and the Fall of the Roman Republic," by J. L. STRACHAN-DAVIDSON, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

#### Three Heroines of New England Romance.

This is the title of a handsome little volume, truthfully illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. The story of "Priscilla" is written by Harriet Prescott Spofford, that of "Agnes Surriage" by Alice Brown, and of "Martha Hilton" by Louise Imogen Guiney. And although the term "romance" is used in connection with their lives it is only because the memory of these three is embalmed in the sweetest and holiest recollections—differing, each in its own way, from the lives of all other women of whom we wot.

The stories are very attractive and interesting. Each is an entire and perfect chrysolite—unique, distinct and original. The colors of that day seem to glow upon the pages—the winds seem to sound and the birds to sing as they did then—and we can imagine that in our minds is the absolute distinctness of the three sweet and memorable characters. We appear to hear for ourselves the arch inquiry of the blushing Priscilla, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" We watch the transition of Agnes Surriage "from God's lady, fitted to scrub the tavern floor, losing no charm thereby, into the proud dame who might have been commended to courts and palaces." And the "Oh, Martha Hilton, fie!" from the "well conducted Juno of Queen Street," sounds upon our ears as distinctly as if we had been upon the scene.

The author of "Priscilla" says: "Every incident in these pages is actually true to the life of the period; the anachronisms are perhaps necessary; many of the events are those which did take place, if not at the stated time."

["Three Heroines of New England Romance."  
Boston: Little, Brown & Co.]

#### The Story of the Civil War.

When, in this day of freedom from all reminders of prejudice and of sectionalism, we go, with new lights in our hands, back into the now silent halls of the past, with tenderness and reverence, to lift the cloudy veil of uncertainty and disputation, it is pleasant to meet with such a record as is this, of the memorable struggle between the states which resolved itself into the War of the Rebellion. The work seems to be absolutely truthful, and so free from all symptoms of partiality as to render it impossible for the casual reader to decide in which section of the country its author happened to reside. Part I. of the story carries us down to the opening of the campaigns of 1862, and it is written in graphic and intensely interesting style by John Codman Ropes, the well known author of "The Army under Pope," "The First Napoleon," "The Campaign of Waterloo," etc., who describes his work as "aiming in the first place to state the political positions of the contending parties at the outbreak of the war, and in the second place to give a general view of the whole struggle, showing the objects of the different campaigns, and their relations to each other, and describing as fully as has seemed to the author desirable, the more important movements and battles."

He has achieved the fullest success in laying before us a plain and unvarnished narrative of this part of the struggle, and his book will no doubt occupy an enviable position among the many valuable histories of the war. ["The Story of the Civil War," by JOHN CODMAN ROPES. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

#### Lucy Larcom, Life, Letters and Diary.

How useless it is to talk to the people of New England about her rare poetic fancy, her large hearted, wholesome, out of doors, every-

day charity, her tender, subtle, spiritual insight, her marvellous knowledge of the workings of human hearts, and inexhaustible love of nature! Her ease, grace, beauty and loveliness of character can never be forgotten. Hers is truly that redundancy of natural "sweetness and light" that all the books of the poets might well seem to be written upon her—indeed, she would seem almost capable of having written the books herself. While everything that has come from her pen carries with it a vigorous and forceful finish, there seems to have been added to all of it a satisfying sense of repose—of dreamful quiet—of the folding of the hands to sleep. In this volume, as always before, we recognize in her a woman ever tender and true, whose writings make us better and purer, enlarge our sympathies and exalt our aims. The author says: "She will be known, I feel, not only as a woman with the most delicate perceptions of the sweetness of truth and an appreciation of its poetry, but as one who could grasp the eternal facts out of the infinite, and clothe them with such beauty of imagery and softness of music, that other lives could receive from her a blessing."

The contents include "Early Days," from 1824 to 1846; "In Illinois," from 1846 to 1852; "Life at Norton," from 1853 to 1859; "Reflections of a Teacher"; "The Beginning of the War"; "Intellectual Experiences"; "Letters and Work," 1861-1868; "Writings and Letters," 1868-1880; "Religious Changes," 1881-1884; "Undercurrents," 1884-1889; "Membership in the Episcopal Church"; "Last Years."

["Lucy Larcom, Life, Letters and Diary," by DANIEL DULANY ADDISON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

#### The Story of Boston.

This is the title of a handsomely clothed and printed volume, from the pen of Arthur Gilman, M. A., the well-known author of that valuable and instructive work, "A History of the American People." It treats at length of the Boston of to-day and pays proper tribute to its many and worthy evidences of cultivation and refinement, its proud temples of the arts and sciences, its abodes of wealth and luxury, its triumphant architecture and myriad

enduring institutions of learning, that breathe forth inspiration of all that is glorious and great in the history of our distinguished municipality. And while thus reciting and passing in review its practical and active aids to the development, growth and progress of those sheltered within its walls it revives, with glowing and at the same time truthful pen, its manifold grand and sacred associations of the past, that teem with the memory of the patriotism and public services of its poets, statesmen, sages, patriots and warriors.

From the year 1629, when, on the 26th of August, "the decision was taken that determined the settlement of the town," down to the present day when, among the many thickly inhabited cities which make up the glory and grandeur of the American nation, she stands unique and preëminent, for her advance in thought and in practical achievement, every important event in her rapid growth has been recited in graphic and interesting style. Perhaps in no other city of the American Union can there be found surviving so many striking landmarks of those "times which tried men's souls." Certainly there is latent nowhere else so vivid a perpetuation of their memory, so valued an appreciation of all that was involved in the struggle that was here begun. And in this volume are again recalled the sufferings and the trials of that early period in the city's life, and her successive triumphs on worldwide fields.

The book is handsomely and profusely illustrated, with handsome and realistic representations, both of "old" and of "modern" Boston. It is especially recommended to the earnest student of the city's history, and to the careful and attentive perusal of every scholar in the public schools.

["The Story of Boston," by ARTHUR GILMAN, M. A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

#### **The Century Book for Young Americans.**

Books on the government prepared for children have, as a rule, been dry and heavy. They have never proved sufficiently attractive to achieve the main object of the book — to be read. "The Century Book for Young Americans" is a new departure. It tells in attractive story form just what every American boy and girl ought to know about the govern-

ment, the functions of the president, the senate, the house and the supreme court, the duties of the different cabinet officers and the work of the various departments — how state, municipal and town governments are carried on, and what are the duties and responsibilities of an American citizen. It is bright, breezy, attractive, modern and American, and boys and girls will be more loyal citizens for reading it.

In the book Mr. Brooks takes a party of bright boys and girls, who know how to use their eyes and ears, to the city of Washington, and, under the charge of a genial and well-informed uncle, gives the young tourists a capital idea of the government. Parents will find this an admirable book to give to their children at Christmas-time, and principals of schools will not be amiss in using it for supplemental reading. Grown people will find much in it to interest and instruct them.

The book is issued under the auspices and seal of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and its introduction is written by General Horace Porter, president-general of that society.

["The Century Book for Young Americans," by ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.]

#### **The Princess of the Moor.**

Those who prefer the pleasing, easy and natural manner in which a story is told to ingenuity of plot or extravagance of diction will be delighted with this wholesome tale. It is a quiet story, but never relapses into dullness, and it will teach the ethical purpose of the writer far more effectually than would a highly wrought romance, though it were never so exciting. The author has discarded all adventitious methods of awakening an interest in the reader, and has most successfully constructed an able work of fiction, which, without becoming didactic, powerfully impresses one with a deep, underlying lesson of life, and with comparatively small material keeps curiosity and interest constantly alive. The story is crowded, but it is told in a manner of singular clearness, directness and simplicity, and is relieved by frequent touches of quaint humor, very enjoyable and rare.

["The Princess of the Moor," by E. MARLITT. Chicago: E. A. Weeks & Co.]

### I Am Well.

*Scientia vite: Scientia* — Science — the orderly arrangement of ascertained facts. *Vita* — Life — demonstrating the eternal principle of life.

This is a very thorough and exhaustive treatise, both upon the theory and practice of the system of cure by natural suggestion. It explains the principles of mental healing as founded upon the fundamental premise that man, by the development of his intelligence, secures a "marvellous control over material by the power of his mentality, and proves it by curing his physical ailments and preserving bodily health solely by the skilful exercise of mind." Vitality and strength are shown to be the instantaneous results of the process of mental healing, when man "discovers his true connection with eternal energy, and that knowledge brings with it a portion of the power of the Supreme."

The book is written in an attractive and lucid style, and whatever may be one's opinion as to the system advocated, it merits regard as an able and full exposition of the views concerning the true nature of health and disease advocated by the author. It is entitled to be regarded as a *vade mecum* of the methods adopted in that treatment, as well as a compendium of the arguments which are used for its support, presented in a truly original and vigorous way. It will undoubtedly reach a wide circulation as an authoritative exponent of the science of life which it presents and champions.

["I Am Well: the Modern Practice of Natural Suggestion as Distinct from Hypnotic or Unnatural Influence," by C. W. Post. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.]

### The Sign of the Four.

This is another of those stories of Conan Doyle's which have fascinated and entranced so many students of realism in every land. In its first chapter is a very readable, interesting and to a certain extent instructive series of his curious remarks on the science of deduction. To refer at any length to the contents of the volume would rob it of much of its interest to

those who have not yet perused the wonderful exhibition of his powers of ratiocination. It suffices to say that the story does not suffer by comparison with any of his other tales. In fact it may be said that the interest he has already aroused has been quickened, deepened and enlarged by this latest emanation from his fertile and inventive pen.

["The Sign of the Four," by A. CONAN DOYLE. Chicago: E. A. Weeks & Co.]

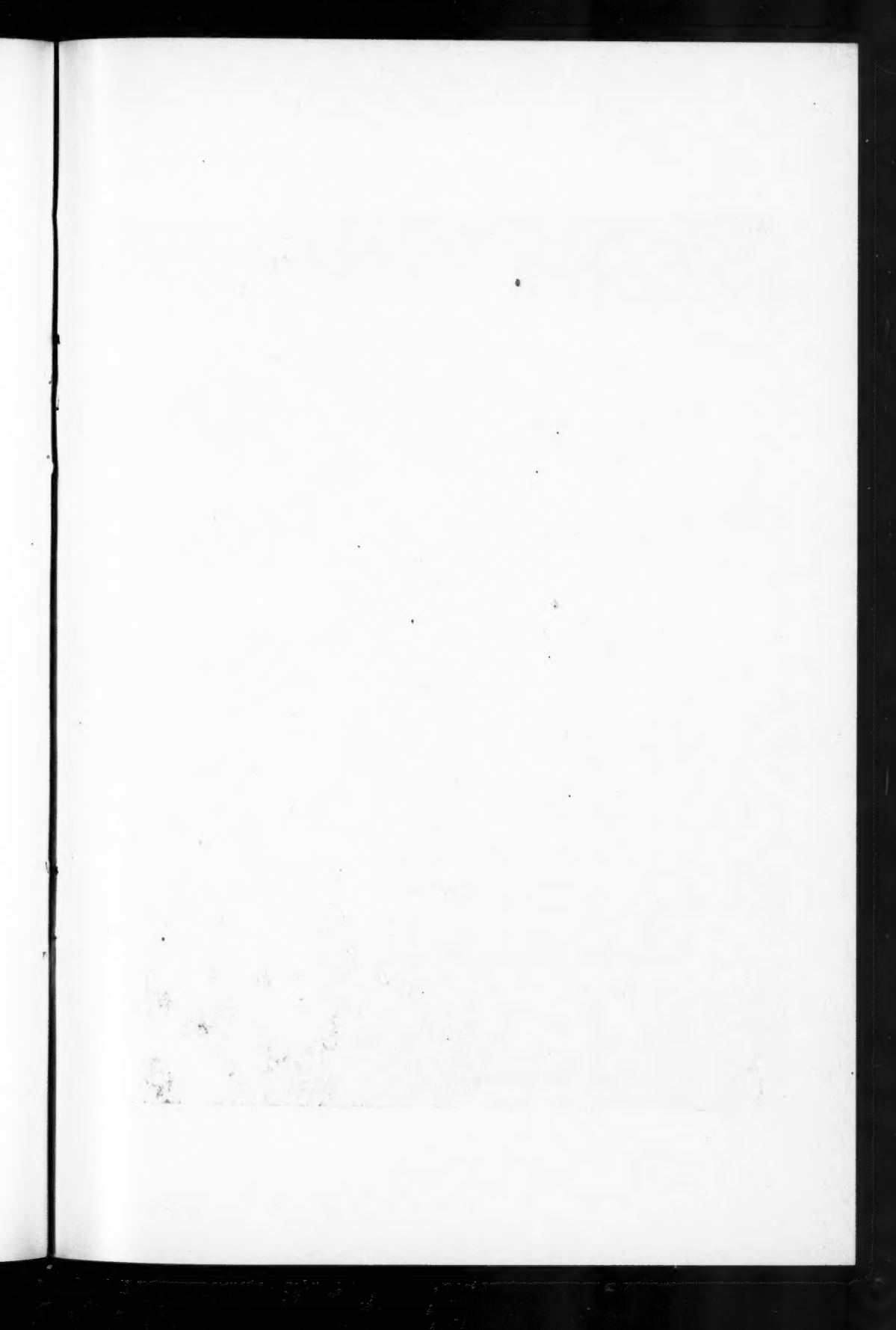
### The Search for Andrew Field.

The War of 1812 is a field which has received comparatively slight attention from modern story writers. The romance of the Revolution and that of the Civil War has been more marked because the issues of those wars were more apparent. And yet, while the causes and results of the War of 1812 were not so manifest as those of the other wars, they were no less real. It was a time for the development of internal national qualities, and the confidence and self respect acquired were not the least of the results of the struggle.

The object of the author of this volume is to give the younger people an insight into the conditions of the times of 1812, a history of that war and a glimpse at the results, and this object is attained through the medium of this and the succeeding volumes in the War of 1812 Series of which "The Search for Andrew Field" is the first. It is well known that one of the causes of the war was "the right of search" claimed and carried out by Great Britain, and as a result of this Andrew Field was "pressed."

The author is thoroughly familiar with the territory in which the scene is laid, and many are the adventures, perils and difficulties met during the search. Andrew Field and his friends are manly American boys with a love for their country, and the story is full of life and spirit, manly in tone and free from "slang," conveying much historical information and many lessons of manliness and courage.

["The Search for Andrew Field." Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.]





OLD BATES HALL A FEW HOURS BEFORE IT WAS FINALLY CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC.